

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ONE SHILLING.

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THE "MAYFLOWER" TERCENTENARY PAGEANT AT PLYMOUTH: THE SHIP THAT BORE THE PILGRIMS—A MODEL.

The first week in September saw the three-hundredth anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrim ship "Mayflower" from Plymouth in 1620, and the anniversary has been worthily celebrated in the historic West Country seaport by a splendid pageant that reached its culmination on September 6, when Mr. Butler Wright, the American Chargé d'Affaires in London, as representative of Mrs. Page, widow of the late American Ambassador, Dr. Walter Hines Page, was presented with an

illuminated certificate of the freedom of the city in a casket surmounted by a beautiful model of the "Mayflower," a reproduction of which we are enabled to give above by courtesy of Mr. R. J. Fittall, Town Clerk of Plymouth, and the makers, William Comyns and Sons, 41, Beak Street, F. gent Street. It was originally intended that the casket and model should have been presented to Dr. Page in 1918.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AT the time of writing, the newspapers are full of paragraphs and pictures about the great historical incident of the sailing of the *Mayflower*. It is celebrated in eloquent and enthusiastic terms as the foundation of the great American Republic, the first establishment of the English overseas, the seed of a small colony destined to grow into a great commonwealth. Assuredly anything would be good which established a sympathy between England and America; and the tradition of the *Mayflower* may at least establish a sympathy between England and some important parts of America. Nevertheless, I am moved to make some criticisms, which will none the less be counted heretical, because they are undoubtedly historical. For, indeed, I think that this specialised exaggeration conceals a considerable danger, not only to historical truth, but actually to Anglo-American friendship. The affair of the *Mayflower* is not, in the larger sense, a link between England and America. It is a link between England and New England.

Whatever the great Puritan emigration was, it was emphatically not the foundation of America. It was not even the foundation of English America, as distinct from Spanish America. At least a whole generation before the Calvinist quarrels, one of the adventurous antagonists of Spanish America had established the first defiant frontiers of English America. Raleigh and the Elizabethans gave to their colony a magnificent Elizabethan name, however little it may have been merited by Elizabeth. But whether or no its origin was worthy of it, its history was wholly worthy of it. Nothing in the American story has been more truly heroic or humane, more truly fitted to last among men as a legend, than the story of what we may still be tempted to call the great nation of Virginia.

It is a commonplace to say that Virginia was the very throne of the authority of the Revolution. From Virginia came Washington, its hero, and Jefferson, its prophet. The State was known as the Mother of Presidents. It was felt as a sort of council chamber of the Fathers of the Republic. Not to follow its pivotal political history through a thousand other things, it is enough to say that, in the Civil War, the adherence of Virginia to the side of local patriotism, which happened to be the losing side, was certainly the fact which almost turned it into the winning side. In Virginia, in that dark hour, arose the greatest of American generals; who was, perhaps, the noblest of Americans. I really cannot imagine why a history which begins with Raleigh and ends with Lee, and incidentally includes Washington, should be utterly swept aside and forgotten in favour of a few sincere, but limited, Nonconformists, who happened to quarrel with Charles the First.

But the case is really even stronger than this. I have said that it is a serious blunder, in any case, to think of America merely as an extension of England. It may do us very deadly harm if we do not understand in time the attitude of the Irish or Italian elements, to say nothing of the Jewish or German elements. It is also fatal to forget that the whole national legend was founded on a revolt against England, and therefore on a mood that regarded England not only as an enemy, but a foreign enemy. Most Americans, after the War of Independence, were about as much in a mood to regard America as an extension of England, as a Scot the day after Bannockburn was in a mood to regard Scotland as an

extension of England. In a general sense, therefore, it would not be wise to compliment even the Puritan States merely as the most English States of the Union. But, as a matter of fact, they were not the most English States of the Union. Anybody will be much mistaken who translates New England merely as renovated England. Nobody certainly would describe New England as Merry England. The polity which the Pilgrim Fathers founded was in some ways very un-English, even in its virtues. Its fixed theology, its fanatical faith, and, above all, its rigid and ruthless logic, were not native to the mass of Englishmen which

drinking wine at the Washington Inn in Sussex. I cannot so easily call up the picture of his making a night of it with Dr. Franklin there. Already, one feels, there might have begun to creep over Franklin's soul the appalling shadow of Prohibition.

Of course, these characteristics were not peculiar to Virginia. A great deal could be said about South Carolina and the genius of Calhoun; or about those wild Western States whence came the great soldier and demagogue, Andrew Jackson. But the reader need feel no alarm lest I should launch into a detailed history of all the States of the Union. That ignorance which so often expurgates and selects the subjects of journalism would alone restrain me. I have only a very superficial journalistic knowledge of the history of America. But I say that even a superficial journalistic knowledge ought to be enough to prevent anybody from saying that the *Mayflower* expedition was the sole foundation of America, or from talking as if the north-east corner of that mighty continent was alone to be considered. The *Mayflower* is doubtless a beautiful and fragrant blossom; but I do not think it should overshadow and hide from view all the flowers and fruits of the earth, from the vines of California to the orange-groves of Florida.

More remains to be said in the future both about the quarrel of the Puritans and Cavaliers in England, and the quarrel of the Puritan and Cavalier colonies or States in America. In both cases the Cavaliers failed and the Puritans succeeded. But in both cases it has now become rather a question whether the success is not itself a failure. In England, there is now at least as much grumbling against the politician as there ever was against the courtier. In other words, the abuse of the privilege of the Parliament has become at least as unpopular as was ever the abuse of the prerogative of the King. In America, as in all industrial countries, the exploitation of the industrial workers has called up all sorts of menacing suggestions of refusal to work or compulsion to work. In other words, America has lived to find the problem of white labour at least as difficult as the problem of negro labour; and the Nemesis of sweating as terrible as the Nemesis of slavery. This truth does not necessitate a justification of the slave-owners, any more than a glorification of the Stuarts. But it does mean that there was more to be said for them than it has been fashionable to admit for the last fifty years; and that from the first the most intelligent men, like Wentworth and Falkland in the one case, or Lee and Lincoln in the other, felt that the alternative was something of a choice of evils. Some of them chose drastically, like

Wentworth and Lincoln; some reluctantly and conscientiously, like Falkland and Lee. But all of them, in the thick of the conflict, saw the case for both sides; where our enlightened generation, in repose and retrospect, can only manage to see one side. Our philosophers are often narrower than their fanatics; and summaries simplify more fatally than war cries. But we are being forced to reconsider our onesidedness by the failures on our own side. We do not need to regard Charles the First as a perfect statesman in order to doubt nowadays whether Parliament is a perfect instrument. We do not wish to go back to slavery, because we are by no means clear about how we are to go on with proletarianism. It is enough to note here that the voyage of the *Mayflower* is by no means ended; that ship which sailed out of the north in the seventeenth century has not yet really come home to any final harbour.

G.K.

### To the Miners of Great Britain

The quarrel upon which you have now entered is not against your employers but against the State. Whatever surplus profits are realised from the Coal Industry will not go into the pockets of any private individuals but into the coffers of the State, to help to pay our War Debt. If you prevent this money being so employed then the Coal Industry, which is the greatest in the country, will fail in a day which is being performed by every other trade in the kingdom and if you strike now for this purpose, not only will there be no such profits - there will inevitably be a loss which can only be made up by increasing the price of coal to every household. I venture to appeal to you to hesitate before you inflict an irreparable injury on the other industries of the country and impose a grievous hardship on everyone of your fellow citizens.

J. S. Horne.

J. S. Horne

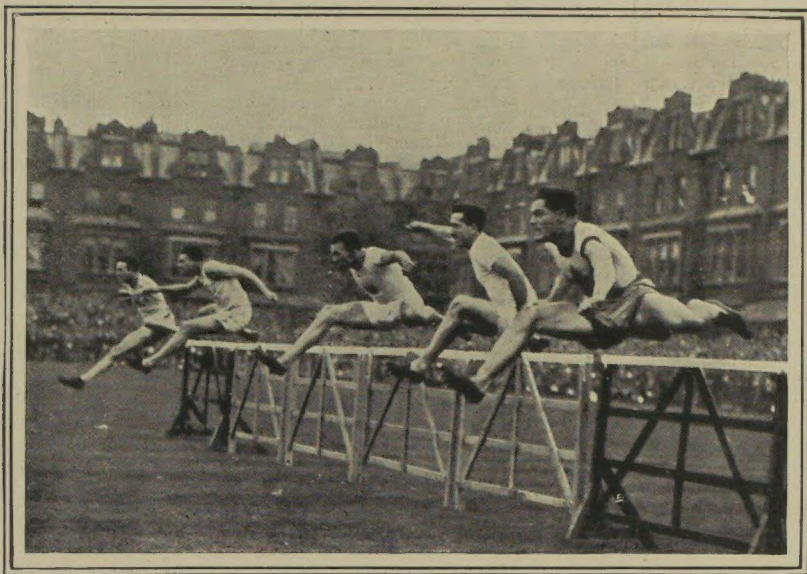
#### THE ANSWER TO THE "UNSELFISH" 14s. 2d. A TON: SIR ROBERT HORNE'S APPEAL TO THE COAL-MINERS.

In his letter to the miners of Great Britain, a facsimile of which we publish above, Sir Robert Horne makes a weighty and well-reasoned appeal, showing that the 14s. 2d. a ton, which the miners seek to have taken off the price of coal, goes, not into the pockets of the mine-owners, but into the Treasury, "to help to pay our War Debt."

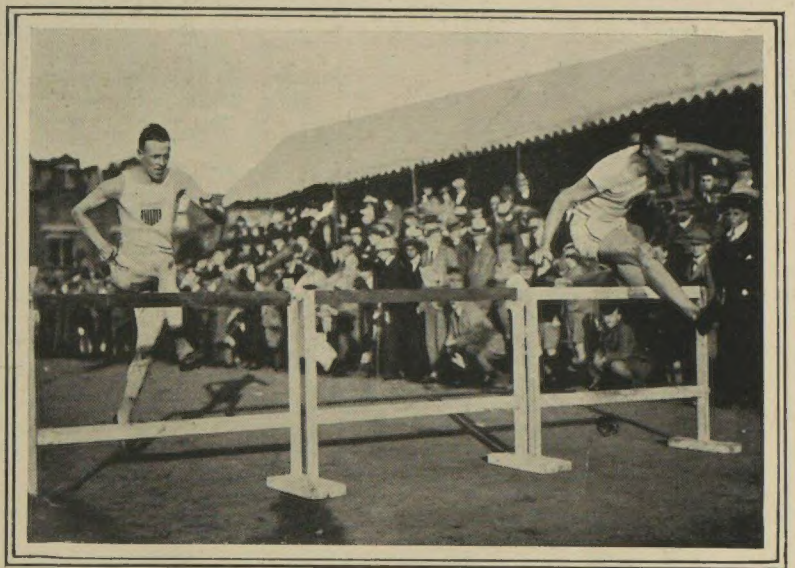
these exiles left behind. They were even more like a by-product of France, where Calvin arose; they were still more like a product of Scotland, where Calvinism could become a popular institution. A society over which the mania of witch-burning swept like a prairie fire was surely not especially stamped with the spirit of Chaucer or Dickens. That there was also a heroic side to the Puritans is perfectly true; but it is hardly in the manner of the most English heroes, such as Nelson, or the Elizabethan sailors. Now, there was one place where this English spirit did largely survive; and that was in the older State founded by the Elizabethan sailors. The squires, the sports, the manners and humours of Virginia were much more like those of an English county. Washington was much more like an ordinary English gentleman than Benjamin Franklin. It is easy to imagine Washington



# FRIENDLY RIVALRY: BRITISH EMPIRE AND UNITED STATES ATHLETES TIE.



THE 120 YARDS HURDLES: EARL THOMSON, OF CANADA (NEAREST CAMERA), WHO MADE IN 14.4-5 SEC. A WORLD'S RECORD ON GRASS.



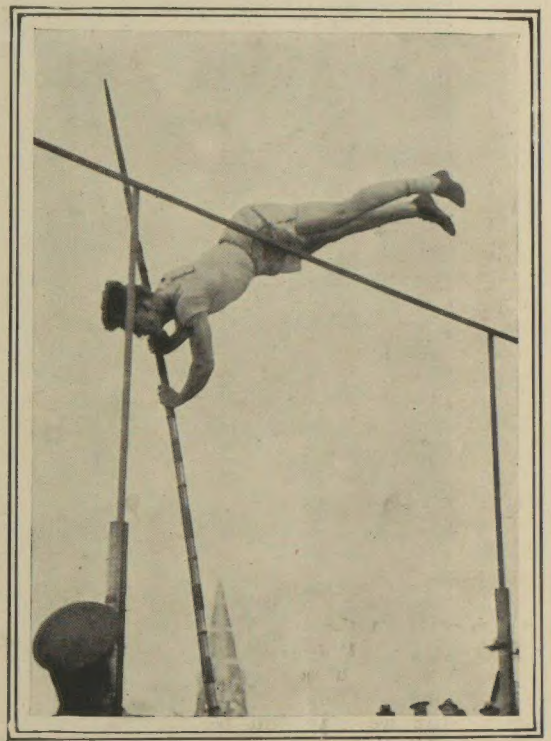
THE FINAL OF THE 440 YARDS HURDLE RACE: J. WATTS, U.S.A., JUST BEATEN BY HIS COMPATRIOT F. SMART, AT THE TAPE.



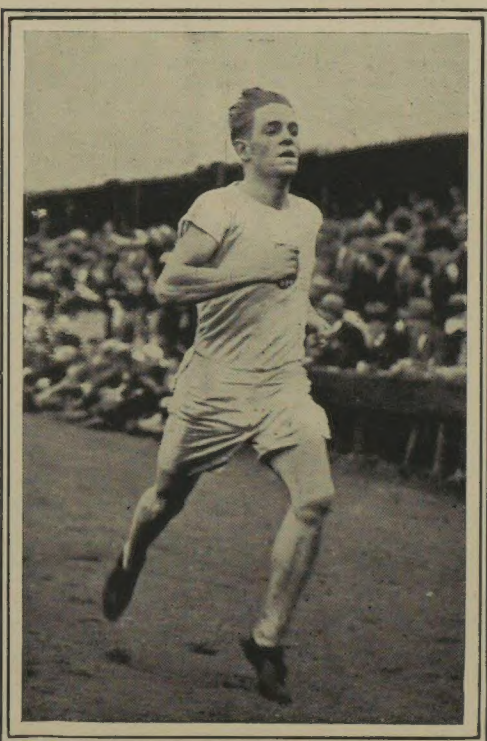
A SURPRISE IN THE HIGH JUMP: B. HOWARD BAKER, ENGLAND, WHO WON WITH 6 FEET 3½ INCHES.



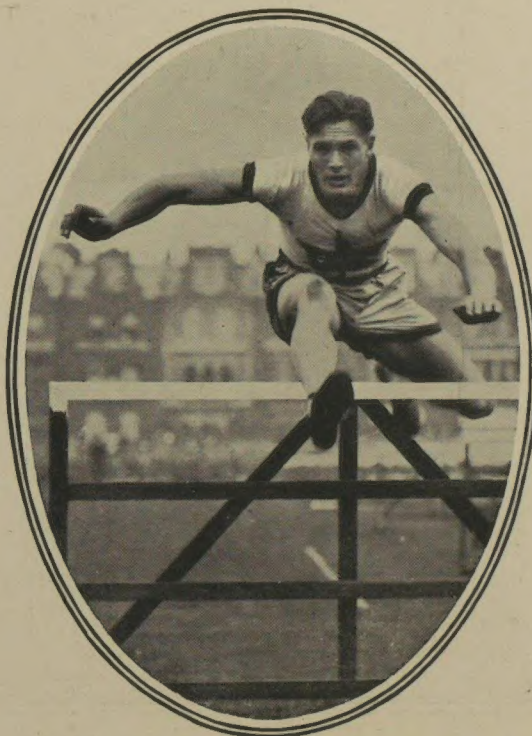
A POSE WORTHY OF MYRON: B. HAMILTON, U.S.A., GIVING AN EXHIBITION OF THROWING THE JAVELIN.



THE POLE JUMP: E. E. MYERS, U.S.A., GIVING AN EXHIBITION (BETWEEN EVENTS).



THE TWO MILES TEAM RACE, WON BY U.S.A.: H. BROWN FINISHING FIRST.



THE MAN WHO "WALKS" OVER THE HURDLES: EARL THOMSON, WHO MADE A WORLD'S RECORD.



THE ONE MILE RELAY RACE: B. G. D. RUDD, OF SOUTH AFRICA, FINISHING—SHOWING THE "BATON."

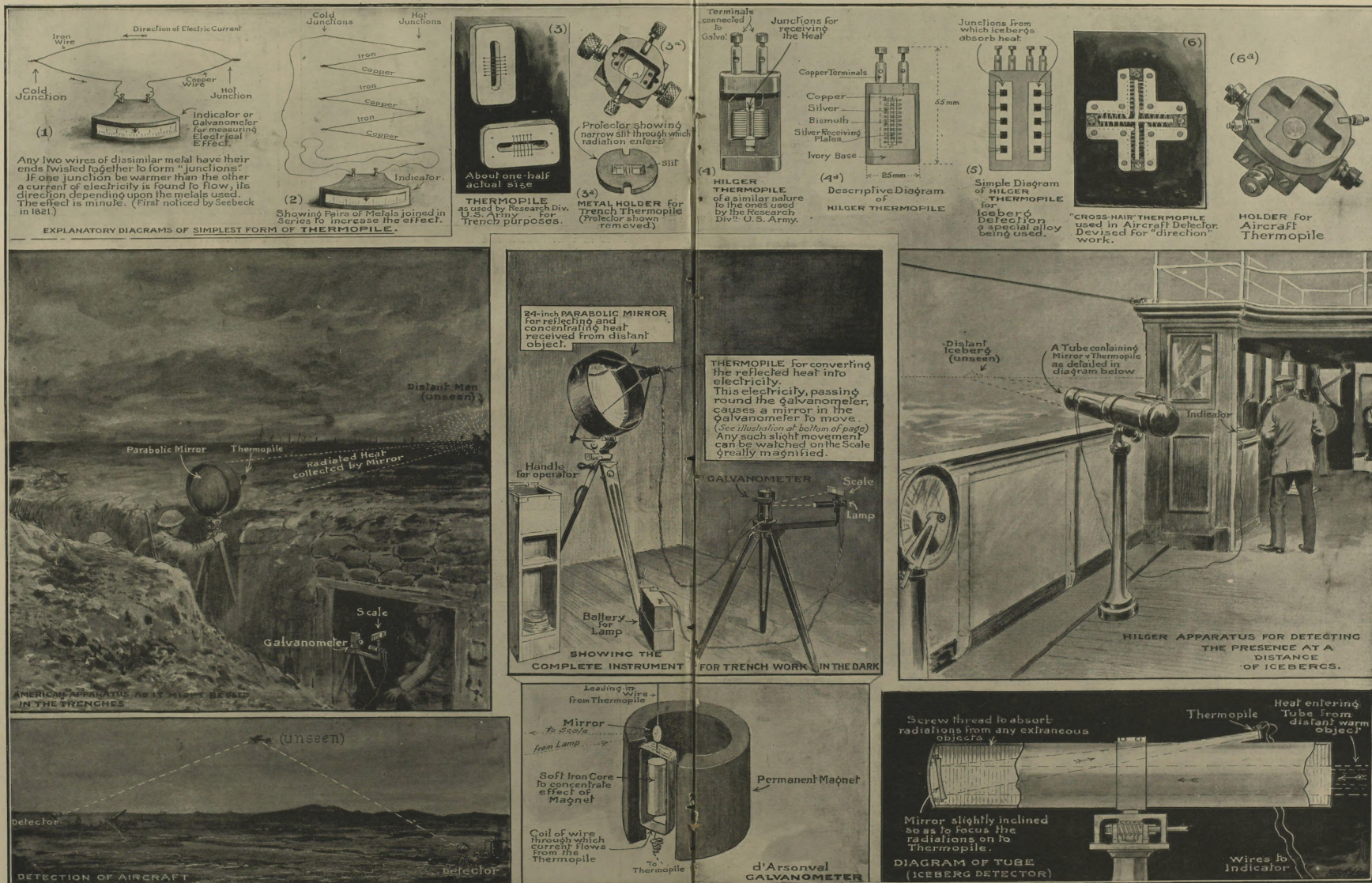
"Worth ten Olympics," was the verdict passed by the American athletes who took part in it on the neck-and-neck struggle at Queen's Club that resulted in a tie on Sept. 4, athletes of the British Empire winning five events and the Americans the same number. At first the Empire had things all their own way, and were soon leading by four events to none; but after a grim struggle, America gradually drew level at "four all," with two events remaining to be decided, the mile and

the four-mile relay races. The English team won the first in the splendid time of 3 min. 20 sec., and were then, so to speak, "dormy one"; but the last race, four-mile relay, was won by America, Shields, the last runner of the U.S.A. team, putting up a magnificent effort. A feature of the contest was the new world's record—over grass—for the 120-yards hurdles set up by Earl Thomson of Canada,



# DETECTING INVISIBLE MEN AND THINGS BY THE HEAT EMANATING FROM THEM: A SIXTH SENSE INSTRUMENT.

DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON.



## LOCATING UNSEEN SNIPERS, ICEBERGS, AND AIRCRAFT: OBJECTS REVEALED BY THEIR HEAT RADIATION; AND BY A COLD INDICATION.

A recent issue of our contemporary the "Scientific American" contains a remarkably interesting article entitled "Seeing in the Dark," by Mr. Samuel O. Hoffman, formerly of the Science and Research Division, U.S. Army. The writer describes his development of an apparatus which, at night, detects invisible objects by their heat radiation; and claims that his invention will locate the exact position of unseen trench-snipers, attacking parties, or aircraft. Investigations in infra-red radiation (similar to the dark heat which is felt by bringing the cold hand quite near the face) suggested the solution of the problem, and ultimately there was devised an instrument which included a very sensitive Thermopile, Galvanometer, and Parabolic Mirror as the chief features. Our centre illustration shows the equipment as produced by Mr. Hoffman: a concave mirror concentrates the reflected radiation on the thermopile, which consists of minute wires of bismuth and silver soldered together—see Figs. 1 to 6a. The radiation is absorbed by the thermopile heating it slightly, and causes an electric current to affect the galvanometer (see bottom centre illustration) whenever something warm is "spotted." This principle is somewhat akin to

the method in general use for measuring the temperatures of furnaces. Mr. Hoffman states: "The murderous possibilities of such a device attached as a sight to a machine gun and trained on men can be imagined. Ranging the instrument in front of and parallel to our front line would constitute an arrangement for preventing raiders from creeping into our lines undetected (see illustration left centre). It was decided to develop a similar apparatus for ranging on aeroplanes, and no trouble was experienced in picking up planes a mile away. By keeping the image constantly on the thermopile, the speed of the plane could be read directly by instruments already in use for daylight work. One instrument alone gave only the direction; two were necessary to give, by triangulation, the height." (See illustration bottom left.) We are indebted to Mr. F. Teyman, of Adam Hilger, Ltd., for details showing how a similar method may be used for the detection of hidden icebergs at sea (see illustration right centre, and right bottom). In this case the iceberg would be detected by a cold indication, shown on the galvanometer.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



# "CROPPIES, LIE DOWN!"—SINN FEINERS FLEEING FROM TROOPS AND LOYALIST WORKMEN, IN BELFAST.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINGEAU FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



## A "WAR-ZONE" IN IRELAND: SINN FEIN RIOTERS WHO HAD ATTACKED LOYALIST WORKERS RETREATING DOWN YORK STREET BEFORE THE MILITARY.

In revenge for the attitude of the loyalists of the North of Ireland, who refused to work side by side with Sinn Féin as long as Sinn Féin continues its campaign of murder and arson, the Sinn Féin rioters of Belfast began a new series of riots on August 30. Disturbances of a most serious nature broke out in the York Street area during the hours at which workers of all sorts are proceeding to their employment. A large mob of Sinn Féin rioters launched a vicious and utterly unprovoked attack on the passers-by, but the Protestants of Belfast are a sturdy breed, not unworthy of their stout ancestors who, with "Derry Walls and No Surrender" and "Croppies, lie down" as their watchwords, fought their own battles—and, incidentally, those of England—against Louis XIV. and his Jacobite allies; and the loyalists put up a stiff fight, though outnumbered.

and almost entirely unprovided with revolvers, unlike the Sinn Féin rioters, who had a large supply of those weapons, and of the necessary ammunition. The casualties of the Unionists, under these circumstances, were heavy, and numerous cases of serious injury by stone-throwing were also reported, the Sinn Féin womenfolk being seen gathering "ammunition" for those in the front line, and urging their men on to fresh endeavours. The fighting went on for nearly an hour, till the arrival of troops with an armoured car led to the flight of the Sinn Féin rioters. Our picture—a facsimile drawing by an eye-witness—shows the result of this intervention. In the foreground is the Sinn Féin mob in full flight, with some of them turning round to fire Parthian shots at the car and the infantry, who are deployed lying down across the street.—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



## FROM FAR AND NEAR: NOTABLE EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.



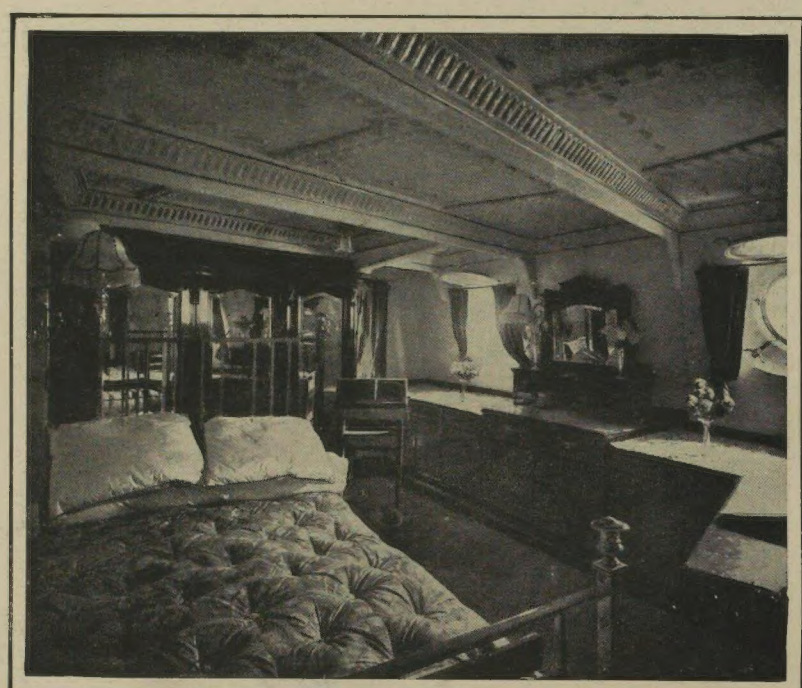
MAKING A RECORD TO MUSIC: CHEERING MRS. WILLING WITH A BANJO DURING HER GREAT ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL



"CHIEF OLD SUN": LORD BURNHAM, AT GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, CREATED AN INDIAN CHIEF—ON THE RIGHT, CHIEF DAVID YELLOW HORSE AND SQUAW.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS' VISIT TO BRAZIL; HER MAJESTY'S STATE ROOM ON BOARD THE BRAZILIAN SHIP "SAO PAULO."



ON THE "SAO PAULO," SPECIALLY FITTED FOR THE USE OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: HIS MAJESTY'S STATE ROOM.



AMERICAN ROMAN CATHOLICS BLESSED BY THE POPE: HIS HOLINESS SAYING MASS IN THE VATICAN GARDENS BEFORE 250 "KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS"



THE NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR: THE ARRIVAL OF BARON HAYASHI IN LONDON—ON THE RIGHT, MARQUIS HAKISUKA.

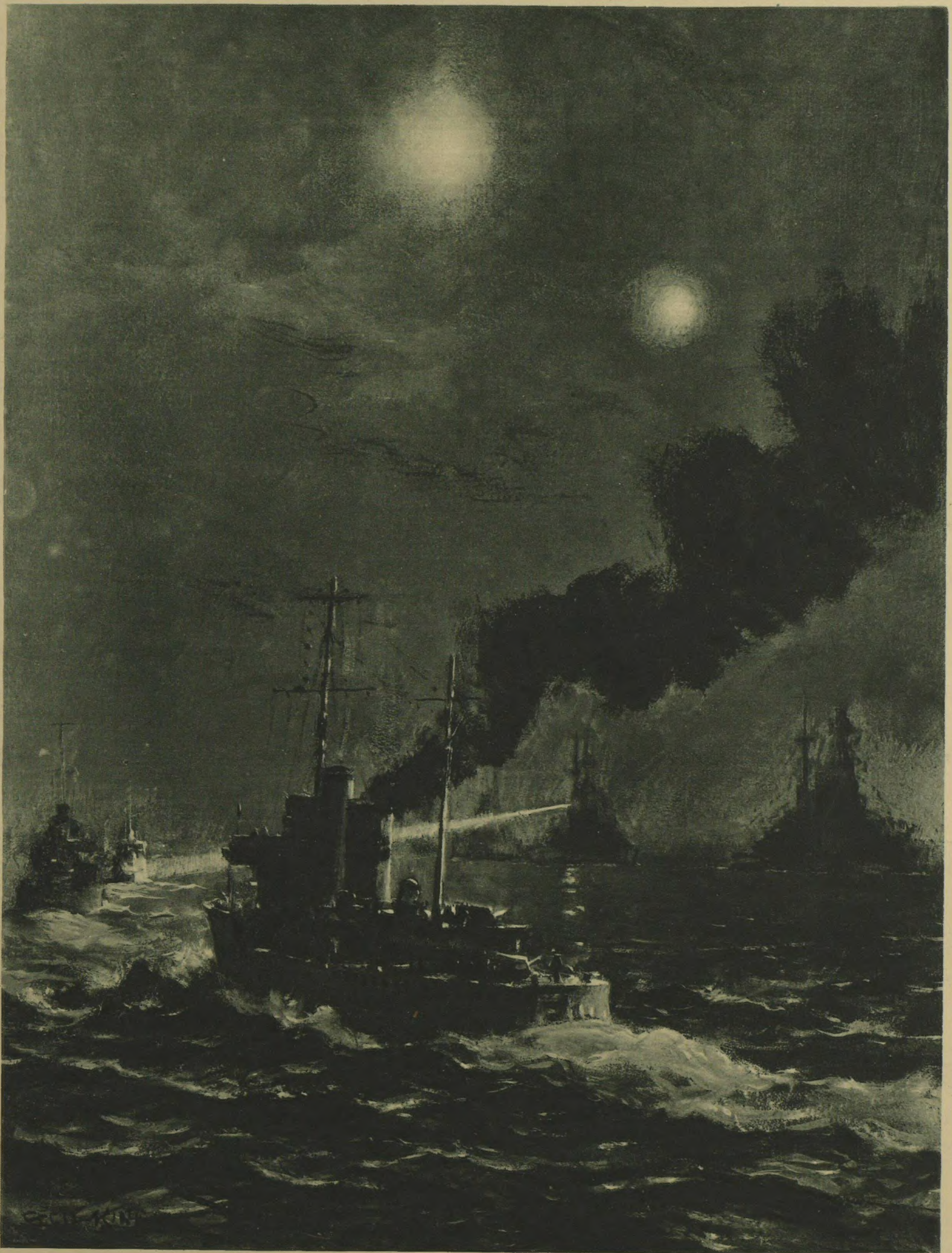
Mrs. Willing, of Rochester, after nearly eleven hours' swimming—a record for a woman—was forced to abandon her attempt to swim the Channel when within eight miles of the French coast.—When the returning Press delegates passed through Gleichen, in Southern Alberta, Lord Burnham was created "Chief Old Sun" by the Blackfeet Indians with full ceremony. He is shown in our photograph wearing chief's head-dress and jacket, and carrying the pipe of peace.—The King and Queen of the Belgians have sailed for Brazil in the Brazilian battle-ship "Sao Paulo" which has been specially and elaborately fitted up for

the accommodation of the royal travellers by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Ltd.—The Knights of Columbus, the great Roman Catholic organisation of the U.S.A., which did so much welfare work for the American troops during the war, has sent a pilgrimage of 250 of its members to Rome. Our photograph shows the Pope saying Mass before them in the Vatican Gardens.—Baron Hayashi, the new Japanese Ambassador, has arrived in London. He is accompanied by Marquis Hakisuka, a Japanese nobleman who has come here to study English institutions.



## STAR-SHELLS IN NAVAL DEFENCE : ADVANTAGES OVER SEARCHLIGHTS.

DRAWN BY CECIL KING.



LIGHTING UP THE ENEMY LESS BRILLIANTLY THAN SEARCHLIGHTS, BUT WITHOUT REVEALING THE POSITION OF HIS OBJECTIVE :  
STAR-SHELLS AT SEA, IN BATTLE-SHIP DEFENCE AGAINST DESTROYERS, AS COMPARED WITH SEARCHLIGHTS.

Star-shells, which were in common use on land during the late war, have their use also at sea, especially in defence against destroyer attacks. The star-shell has the advantage over the searchlight that, although it does not light up the

object as brilliantly, the attacker cannot pick up his target by following the searchlight beam to its source, as formerly. A star-shell fired from a 6-inch gun lights up a considerable area of the sea's surface.

*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*

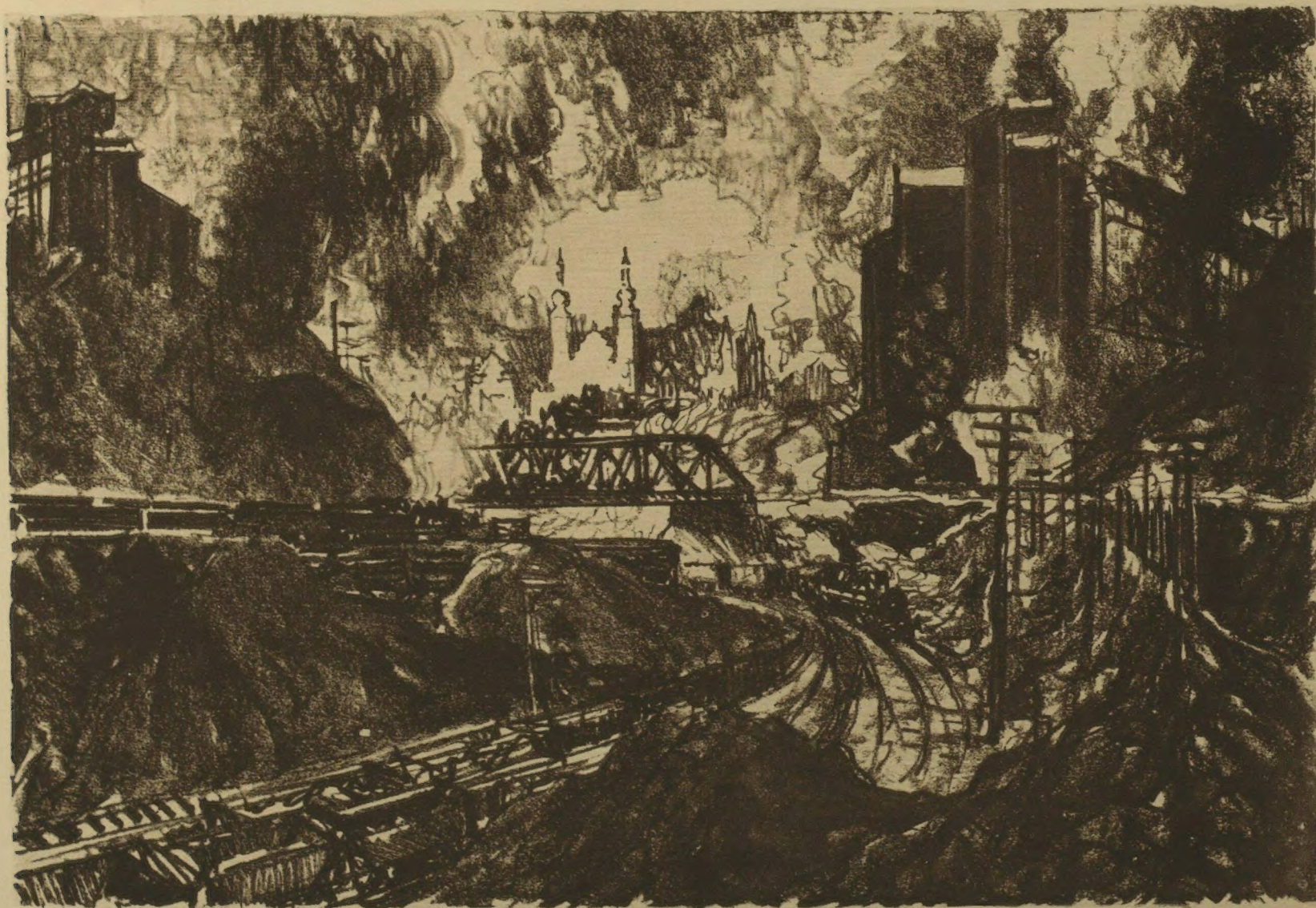


## IF COALS CAME TO NEWCASTLE: A POSSIBLE AMERICAN SOURCE.

FROM DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



ONE OF THE COALFIELDS ABROAD WHICH MIGHT PROFIT BY A COAL STRIKE IN THIS COUNTRY: AMERICAN COLLIERIES AT SHENANDOAH, PENNSYLVANIA—A FAMOUS ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.



AN AMERICAN "BLACK COUNTRY," TO WHICH A BRITISH COAL STRIKE MIGHT MEAN CONSIDERABLE DEVELOPMENTS OF TRADE: A FAMOUS ARTIST'S VIEW OF WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

The effect of a British coal strike would be not only to paralyse industry in this country, and dislocate the national life, but it would also naturally tend to send business abroad and enable competitors to extend their trade in markets which we could no longer supply, both as regards coal itself and other commodities. Even the proverbial absurdity of sending coals to Newcastle might cease to be a

paradox and become an accomplished fact. American coalfields, if they did not have a strike themselves, would doubtless benefit, among others, from our disabilities. In this connection we may note that representatives of several large English, Scottish, and Welsh mining companies were recently in New York buying American coal to fulfil British contracts with France and Italy. The New York

*(Continued on opposite page.)*



## THE SCENE OF AN AMERICAN STRIKE : PENNSYLVANIA'S COALFIELD.

DRAWN BY HERBERT PULLINGER.



IN THE ONLY IMPORTANT ANTHRACITE REGION OF THE UNITED STATES : THE PENNSYLVANIA COALFIELD—  
A COAL - BREAKER AT SCRANTON.

*Continued.*  
business world was fluttered on August 25 by the announcement that Mr. J. H. Gardner, managing director of the Colliery Investment Trust, Swansea, had just bought 35,000,000 tons of American coal, to be delivered over a period of five years. Coal is produced in various parts of the United States, but Pennsylvania is the only important source of American anthracite coal. It was stated on September 1 that the anthracite miners' delegates there had threatened a strike

of 175,000 men if President Wilson would not approve the Anthracite Commission's minority report, involving an increase of 31 per cent. in wages. He had accepted the majority report, granting increases from 17 to 25 per cent., and refused the miners' demand. On Sept. 2 it was reported that 90,000 miners at Wilkesbarre had left work, 55 collieries were idle, and the strike (called there a "vacation") was spreading throughout the anthracite district.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# COAL-MINING IN COMFORT: THE COLLIER'S LIFE IN SOUTH WALES.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

THE South Wales miner is the most discussed industrial worker in the world. He is frequently referred to as the hardest-worked, under the most trying conditions, of all the miners in this country. Whence such an impression arises it is hard to define, unless it be from some secret propagandist force organised for the promotion of kindly sentiments towards South Wales miners.

The fact is that the South Wales collier works under conditions that are safer, healthier, and easier than the conditions obtaining in the other coal-fields of this country. Further, his home life is better—if he care to make it so—than the home living conditions of colliers in other parts of the world. He is, in fact, a different kind of miner. There is something about the surroundings among which he lives, something about the mountain air he breathes, something about the very men he produces—whether pulpsters, politicians, or prize-fighters—that stamps him as distinct from his fellow coal-workers of the world. Not that every South Wales collier is a Welshman. Far from it. The coal-working population of South Wales is made up of Cornishmen, Lancashiremen, Irishmen, Americans, and Cockneys—these in addition to a strong substratum of downright Welshness. It takes little time, however, for these "foreigners" to lose their former "nationality" and become assimilated into the character of the South Wales Welshman. Before many months are passed the "outsider" is "one of us." He has thrown off his own and adopted the Welshman's customs, dress, manners, and even accent of speech. And he heartily joins in the cry for less work and more pay—a cry which, on every hearing, usually emanates from South Wales.

It has been my privilege during the past weeks to visit the South Wales coal-field. I have moved about among the colliers and their people. I have seen the conditions—good and bad—under which they have to work. And, further, I have seen them using up three days of the week in order to spend what it took them only four days to earn.

The working hours of a collier are supposed to consist of six shifts a week. A shift is seven hours from pit bottom to pit top. That is, the shift counts from the time the collier leaves the bottom of the pit shaft until his arrival at the surface after seven hours. Maybe he has to walk quite a distance underground, sometimes as much as two or three miles or more. The shifts work day and night through the hours seven to two and two to seven. The afternoon shift is the repairing, as differing from the coal-cutting shift.

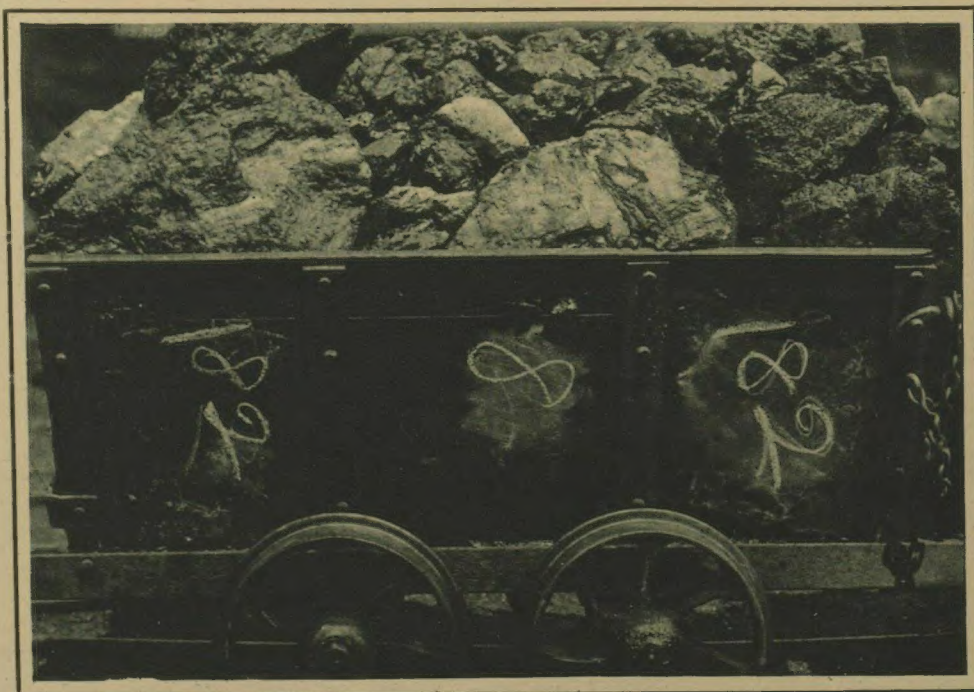
The collier's pay-day is a Friday affair. This has had a considerable effect on the output. For, in the majority of cases, pay on Friday means no work on Saturday. The more thrifty collier longs for the old times, when pay-day came once a month, though a man could "draw" on it every fortnight.

It is a common belief that a collier is paid for cutting coal, and for that only. Before my recent visit to South Wales I was defied by a leading miners' agitator to show him any one collier who got more than five or six pounds a week for cutting coal. I had known the South Wales collier as a type for many years, and I was prepared to prove that he earned and spent more than the limit suggested by the agitator. But the agitator was right. A collier's wage is

COLLIERY.		PAY SHEET No. ....	
COLLIERS.		Mark .....	
No of	Ending	Name .....	
Pay .....			
Large Coal	18	4½ @ 3/3	3 : - : -
4 Pit Bottom	at 1-0-10	2/3	9 : -
3 Cogs	1-0-1-7-0m		4 : 9
4 Do. Rep	1 3.75		6 : 7.5
2 Do.	2 0		6 : 0
5 Old Timbers	1 7.875		3 : 3.7
3 Posts	1 7.875		8 : -
3 Cog.	2 0		9 : 0
3 Top	2 4-		16 : 10.5
3 Bottom	9 5		2 : 3
3 Heading	9 5		7 : 10.5
3 Airway	2 3		5 : 13 : 3
1½ Cutting	7.50		
1½ Days	5 3		
TOTAL: ... £			
Allowance—Soft Coal	2½ pton 1-19-0		
Do. Clod	1.5 per ton		2 : 3.75
Do. Rolls			
Do. Stone			
Do. Stiff Coal			8 : 13 : 3
			55.83%
			Total
			13 : 10 : 0
			14.2%
			Net
			1 : 18 : 3
			Total
			15 : 8 : 3
			20%
			3 : 1 : 8
			Make up
			2 : 5 : 0
			1 : 10 : -
			12 Days @ 3/- C.C.A.
			2 : 5 : 0
			6 @ 6/- S.A.
			1 : 10 : -
			Total Earnings
			22 : 4 : 11
Cash advanced			
Funds			
Doctor, etc.	5 6		
W. Train			
Rent			
Coal	2 10		
Powder and Tools	2 3		
Checkweigher	1 0		
Insurance			
Cottage Hospital			
Benev. Society			
War Savings Association			
			12-8.
			21-12-3.
			Payable
			£21-12-3.
Boys paid out.			
1. 3-17-0 leaving			
1. 2-0-6 2-16-4-7 average			
			of 2-14-1 for day.

## SHOWING A WEEK'S EARNINGS OF A COAL-CUTTING COLLIER WORKING FIVE SHIFTS A WEEK: A PAY-SHEET FOR £21 12s. 3d. (LESS £5 17s. 6d. PAID OUT).

This typical pay-sheet of a South Wales collier shows that he earned in one recent week the sum of £16 4s. 7d., a daily average of £2 14s. 1d., after he had paid out £5 17s. 6d. to two boys (in this case aged 14 and 19) for help. This average is taken as six days, but, as a matter of fact, represents five days' work of seven hours a day. The man holding this pay-sheet has held the same average, within a few shillings, for the past year. Such a wage is not by any means exceptional. We have blocked out the name of the colliery and numbers and name identifying the particular collier.



HOW A MINER'S WORK IS CHECKED AND PAID FOR: A LOADED "TRAM" WITH (CHALKED UPON IT) THE NUMBER OF THE MINER ON THE COLLIERY PAY-SHEET, AND (IN THE CENTRE PANEL), A FIGURE INDICATING THE NUMBER OF TRAMS HE HAS FILLED.

Each "tram" carries from 11 to 14 cwt. of coal. A good worker can fill three in a day, at least. When he has filled a "tram" the collier chalks his total of "trams" filled to date on the centre panel of the "tram," with his number on the outer panels. On the "tram" arriving at pit top, a checkweigher notes the number before the coal is weighed; so that the collier is credited with both lump and small coal.

made up not only of the coal he digs, at a rate of 3s. 3d. a ton, but of payments received for the various exigencies that accompany or follow in the wake of the coal-cutting process. What these exigencies are may best be understood from the reproduction of a miner's pay-sheet, herewith. From this it will be seen that the pay for the actual coal-cutting is small as compared with the other moneys earned in its respect.

The fact remains that the South Wales collier earns so much that he can afford to work on an average of four days a week and spend the remainder of his time and the bulk of his money in a manner that would shock a workless spendthrift of the far-off days of twenty years ago.

Only very rarely is a collier to be found who works more than five days a week, and the daily absenteeism in South Wales amounts to 17 per cent.

It will be said that the lot of the collier is the hardest of all, and that he deserves plenty of holiday on account of the dread hours he spends in the dark, hot, filthy stuffiness underground. In the first place, it is not stuffy; in general, what filth there is is good, sound, dry coal dust, which is admittedly black; the air is cool, fresh, and even invigorating, with its ever-present "peatiness"; and there is plenty of light—electric light at that.

Again, it is usually contended that the collier has to crawl under cavernous ways, and, lying on his side in a narrow, squeezing rock-pincers, hew and hack the coal with the aid of a tiny flicker of light from his oil-lamp. Such conditions are indeed exceptional in the pits. It may be so in levels or drifts, where only a seven-inch seam may be worked. And then an electric cutter is used. But the collier works ordinarily as comfortably as any other worker—more so than many a one. There is, of course, something sinister about the thought of the darkness of underground. Yes, it is dark; but in the workings themselves there is no lack of light, of room there is plenty, and the underground atmosphere is not only not unhealthy and poisonous—it is, in fact, conducive to health, as witness the general fitness of the modern collier. He works in what is more than ordinary office temperature. But, come to that, so does a baker or a laundryman.

I asked one man who worked in a drift—a sort of tunnel, pierced into the mountain side—where it was wet, close, and uncomfortable, why he chose that in preference to the finer-equipped and convenient shaft colliery. He replied that he preferred it because it was safer from explosions (naked lights are used in these levels), that he hated going down in the cage, and that "when having a rest he could smoke"! Well, that's a matter of opinion.

I am not speaking of one, and only one, pit in South Wales. I know and have descended most of them, in all parts of the coal-field. During my last, recent visit, I went down several, in company with one who had never even been close to a pit-head. What we saw confirmed us in the first belief that the collier's work is difficult and strenuous; it is downright hard-going, muscle-trying labour, in conditions that are peculiar to mining. He gets well paid—better paid than any other worker; he works less hours—possibly because he can earn more in half the time than another does in all the time; and



# THE COAL-MINER AT WORK: IN 7-INCH AND 7-FOOT SEAMS.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH WALES.



1. THE MOST DIFFICULT WORK IN A MINE MADE MUCH EASIER THAN UNDER OLD CONDITIONS: CUTTING A 7-INCH SEAM WITH AN ELECTRIC CUTTER.

In the old days, the miner working such a seam as that shown in the upper illustration would have had to lie on his side and get the coal with the aid of a pick-axe. Now he uses an electric cutter; with the result that, instead of having to lie on his side and work in a cramped attitude, striking at the seam with his pick, he can stretch himself prone as shown, and complete his task with little labour. The electric cutter has been in use in this drift since 1905. In such non-gaseous drifts a naked light is used, and is clipped to the peak of the cap.—In a seam such as that in the second picture, with a 7-foot layer of

2. A MINER WORKING UNDER TYPICAL CONDITIONS: CUTTING COAL IN A 7-FOOT SEAM THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED YARDS BELOW GROUND.

coal, the miner has a height of 8 or 9 feet to work in. He is, as it were, hewing at a closed door at the end of a passage—the stall. The “trams” which take the coal to pit bottom and the surface are brought by cable from the headings (the main arteries of the mine) to the beginning of the stalls; and then into the stalls by horses. The lines are laid as the stall lengthens. A stall is never worked very far from a main heading. When its determined length has been reached it is closed, and another stall parallel to it is started from the main heading.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



he is, unquestionably, the most happy-go-lucky, inconsequent, money-spending, yet withal the most disgruntled and contentious worker in the world.

Before making our tour of the mines, we paid one visit to a drift or level—the tunnelling previously referred to. Under a six-foot high roofing of alternate brick and rock we trudged into the dark over a black morass in which was laid a single set of metals, built on rickety and occasional sleepers. It oozed from the ground and dripped from the roof in steady, persistent slush, like the inside of an inland cave. We were lighted by tiny carbide lamps. A walk of about half or three-quarters of a mile along this main heading brought us to an unnegotiable puddle of dank viscosity. Here we jumped a horse-pulled "tram" and scuttled through the dark at about fifteen miles an hour until we reached the first stall. There four men were working. They were cutting into a seam of seven inches of coal, and the chief labour was done by means of an electrical contrivance that looked something like an enlarged Lewis gun.

The men indisputably worked under trying conditions. They were enclosed in a tomb, the outer compartment of which was about four or five feet high, and the inner, where the cutter worked, little more than two feet high. The workers lay prone to effect their work.

In the shaft pits it was very different. We descended a depth of something over three hundred yards in a few seconds, and landed in a veritable hall of light and animation. Not that all the pits are as spacious as pit bottom. But, in general, the scene at the foot of the shaft somewhat resembles a busy railway station. A white-washed, domed roof, thirty feet high, surmounted the broad floor of the pit bottom, where railway lines shot out into the further semi-darkness, disappearing in branch tunnels of lesser light, and carrying trains of "empties" and "fulls" to and from the pit mouth.

These trains of trams are unattended by drivers or guards. They are cable towed from a winding engine that is situated sometimes on the surface and sometimes underground. There is about the place, with its shattering noises, emphasised by the thump and jerk of the down-coming and up-going cages, filled with men or coal, an intense impression of concentrated industry. This part of the pit is the main junction-terminus, the clearing-house of the mine. In most cases it is here that the engine-rooms, pumping, winding, and ventilating, are situated. Near here, too, round what is called the "back slum," are the stables, the canteen, and the surveyor's and ambulance offices.

Every stall we went to provided excellent working conditions. Frequently, the actual coal-cutting area was a distance of a mile or two from the pit bottom. To those stalls the men walked by way of metallised tunnels, walled by thousands of yards of propped timber. It is easy walking; there is good head-room, and the way is breezy with fresh air. In exceedingly few places in a modern mine does a collier have to crouch in his walk or stoop in his work, any more than an ordinary worker has to stoop or crouch.

The men generally possess an air of happy discontentedness—the kind of attribute that is called "old soldiering." They grumble at conditions in a mournful kind of cheeriness and

continue happily at their work. Egotistical martyrs!

The trains of coal are brought in to the pit bottom on the main lines by machinery at ten to twelve miles per hour. The horses are used only as "shunters." And here let it be pointed out that generally the horses are treated as humanely as any horse on a ploughed field. The men and their horses are "pals."

As to their life above ground. There is no reason why any thrifty collier should not live as cleanly and as comfortably as your city clerk who gets less than half the collier's wages.

But does he? Is he thrifty? Social conditions in South Wales at the present time will supply the answer.

In one pit alone, where nearly a thousand men are employed, three hundred miners own their dwelling houses. I met one worker—a labourer at pit bottom—who has just bought his house for £112—an amount which he put by from last year's overtime pay.

Rents of colliers' cottages vary from 3s. to 8s. 6d. a week. Some colliers still prefer to live in a slum, though they could live in a garden city. Again a matter of opinion.

Every collier is supplied, by the colliery in which he works, with coal at 5s. 3d. a ton. And he gets it pretty nearly as often as he wants it. This is at the same rate as it was in the days when his wages were less than a third of what they are now.

Then why does the collier want still more pay and still less work? What does he do with his money?

The South Wales collier is undoubtedly the most reckless of all spenders. He flings his money about on anything and everything.

A few weeks ago three charabancs left the

Aberdare valley, each loaded with thirty men, for a four-days' trip to Scotland, at twenty guineas a head for fare alone. Add to this the incumbent expenses, and you will find that on that little joy-ride a sum of over £3000 was spent.



A COLLIERS' ROAD, NEAR ABERDARE, WHOSE OCCUPANTS BOAST A FORD CAR AND TWO MOTOR-BICYCLES: AN OLDER TYPE OF MINER'S DWELLING-HOUSE.

The rent of these dwelling-houses is about 6s. a week. The buildings are whitewashed outside. They are very clean inside, though rather small.

The charabanc is the collier's newest toy. He uses it for race-going, picnics, "away" football matches, and for purely joy-seeking adventure.

In one colliery last week £600 was left unclaimed in the pay offices by miners who could not wait until Friday before going for their week-end charabancs trip to Bath. Some of them called for their pay on Tuesday. They didn't worry whether they got it or not. It suited many to knock off work for a week, and collect last week's pay next Friday. They could then persuade themselves they had finished a week's work.

The South Wales miner has not been used to handling so much money. He does not know what to do with it. He cannot understand why he should be expected to work and earn more money when he gets all he wants for a few days' work each week. However the voting in the Strike Ballot may have gone, it is a truth that the miner does not want to strike. He is persuaded by his leaders that it is the easiest thing in the world to get money for nothing, and he merely says to himself that "there's no harm in trying for it."

That is the working miner's general attitude towards a strike for more pay.

Meanwhile, he eats lavishly, drinks freely, dresses expensively, and enjoys himself thoroughly because he does not know what else to do with his money or because he does not want to do anything else with it.

A manager asked his assistant, in my presence, how the coal was coming up one morning. The assistant explained that not much could be expected, as there were four football matches on that day in the valley.

That is the situation in a nutshell.



THE NEWER TYPE OF MINER'S DWELLING-HOUSE: IN THE ABERCWMBOI GARDEN CITY, BUILT BY THE POWELL-DUFFRYN COAL COMPANY—WITH HOUSES OCCUPIED ENTIRELY BY COLLIERS, AND LET AT 8s. 6d. A WEEK.

The collier who lives in the thatched or whitewashed cottage could occupy houses of this type if he really wished to do so.



# THE COAL-MINER AT REST: ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH WALES.



1. IN A HOUSE OWNED BY A WORKING MINER: A TYPICAL LIVING-ROOM IN A COLLIER'S DWELLING IN SOUTH WALES.

There is nothing to prevent the South Wales collier living in comfort. He earns high wages, works short hours, has few necessary personal expenses, gets his coal for 5s. 3d. a ton, pays a rent of from 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. a week, and has a choice between the ordinary house and houses built specially for him by the colliery companies. The average housewife takes great pride in her home, and it is usually spotless. The room in the first illustration is in a house for which its miner-owner paid rather less than two hundred pounds. The same man owns another house for which he gave over three hundred pounds. Such a house has

2. THE CARE OF THE MINER BELOW GROUND: A CANTEN 900 FEET DOWN, IN A SOUTH WALES COLLIERY.

six or seven rooms and a garden. The newer ones have bath-rooms.—The particular style of canteen seen in the lower illustration is called an Officials' Canteen, and is used by such grades as firemen, check-weighers, and other "officials" (as they are known to the working collier). First aid apparatus is kept here. In the canteen the men sit and rest, and eat the meals they have brought with them. It is well lit and well ventilated, and opens into the pit bottom, of which an illustration is given on our double-page. The shell-like object on the left is for charging electric Davy lamps without having to open them. — [Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# PLENTY OF ROOM; PLENTY OF LIGHT; PLENTY OF AIR: AT PIT BOTTOM IN A SOUTH WALES COLLIERY.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH WALES.



IN THE REGION IN WHICH 141,721 MINERS VOTED FOR A STRIKE, AND ONLY 40,047 AGAINST!—PERFECT WORKING CONDITIONS 900 FEET BELOW GROUND.

The Man in the Street is apt to picture the coal-miner as one who works under horrible conditions at the hourly risk of his life. This must by no means be taken as a general truth: science and invention allied have done so much, not only to make raising of coal easier, but for the personal safety and comfort of the collier. The high wages it is not necessary to cite: they are well known, and witness is borne to them by the typical pay-sheet reproduced on another page. In view of such facts, it is more than interesting to note that of the 181,768 South Wales miners who balloted the other day, 141,721 voted for a strike and only 40,047 against. This may be accounted for, in part, by the large number of boys employed and voting. Yet it is generally agreed that the South Wales miner works, in the best-regulated pits in the country and above ground, lives in surroundings of great natural beauty, almost to the edge of the pits.—Our

drawing shows Pit Bottom, at the foot of the shaft of a South Wales colliery. It will be noted that there is plenty of room, plenty of light, and plenty of air. The roof is some 34 ft. high; the lighting is by electricity; the ventilation is by the latest machinery. The whole scene suggests an underground railway station. From Pit Bottom the miners go to their various stalls; to Pit Bottom the loaded "trams" are drawn by cable, and from it they are raised to the surface. The "trams" are shunted into the cage (seen on the left) in pairs. The men who do this work do not rank as colliers: they are known as pit labourers, and earn 18s. a day for as many days a week as they care to work. They work a seven-hour shift. The archway as a whole extends in some cases to a distance of a hundred yards on either side of the shaft, and branches off into tunnels, about 8 ft. high, which will take two passing "trams."—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



# "REDS" INTERNED BY GERMANS: BOLSHEVISTS AT THE FRONTIER.



DEFEATED BOLSHEVIST CAVALRY CROSS INTO GERMAN TERRITORY: A GERMAN OFFICER (ON FOOT) DISCUSSING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER WITH A BOLSHEVIST OFFICER.



AN ACCORDION IN THE FIELD: A KUBAN COSSACK MUSICIAN; WITH A BOLSHEVIST RED CROSS NURSE.



A BOLSHEVIST COSSACK TRYING TO SELL HIS HORSE TO A GERMAN LAND-OWNER: A "RED" OVER THE FRONTIER.



AT ARYS IN EAST PRUSSIA: A GERMAN OFFICER TALKING WITH A KUBAN COSSACK.



TYPICAL OF THOUSANDS OF BOLSHEVISTS NOW INTERNED IN GERMANY: "RED" COSSACKS ON NEUTRAL SOIL IN EAST PRUSSIA.

In the "Times" for September 3 appears a vivid description of the "Reds" interned in East Prussia. "Nobody," writes the "Times" correspondent, "visiting the Bolsheviks interned at Arys camp, in East Prussia, could maintain the belief that Bolshevism is anything but the worst form of tyranny. There are now 47,000 interned at Arys, and their conditions are incredibly miserable, judged from a Western standpoint, but during several hours I spent there yesterday I

could find none, except the commissars, who were not glad to escape from the Bolshevik Army. . . . Arys camp presents an extraordinary spectacle. Bolsheviks in every imaginable uniform, in every imaginable state of raggedness, lounge about, often with their women folk, offering for sale looted watches, jewellery, Tsar and Bolshevik rouble notes, with which they are plentifully supplied. One showed me 30,000 Tsar roubles, and several are reported to have brought with

[Continued on opposite page.]



## THE BOLSHEVIST DÉBÂCLE : REDS FORCED INTO GERMANY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANKL.



BOLSHEVISTS FORCED ON TO NEUTRAL TERRITORY: TROOPERS OF THE GERMAN FRONTIER GUARD ESCORTING PARTS OF THE "RED" 10TH CAVALRY DIVISION TO AN INTERNMENT CAMP.



INCLUDING BRITISH LEWIS GUNS AND FRENCH MACHINE-GUNS: A DUMP OF ARMS SURRENDERED BY BOLSHEVISTS ON CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

*Continued.*  
them over half a million Polish marks. A Bolshevik officer told me, without the slightest shame, that in Poland he and his men entered every house and murdered the owner if he did not immediately hand over all his valuables. Most of the larger proprietors had fled, and their properties were naturally completely sacked. . . . Every hotel within twenty miles of Arys is crowded with Germans who hope to make fortunes out of the Bolshevik horses, of which 25,000, mostly

stolen from the Poles, have already been brought to Arys. In order to feed these horses the Government is letting them out to farmers for use on condition that they be returned if claimed. It is obvious that they never will be claimed, and the German farmers are thus obtaining excellent stolen goods at a ridiculously low rate . . . while the Polish peasants from whom the cattle and horses had been stolen . . . were faced with starvation."



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THERE was what we call "atmosphere" in the theatre even before the music of Mr. Clive Carey began to enchant us, or the curtain rose on the scenic wonders of "The Blue Lagoon." For everybody was on tenterhooks; everybody had read the book and loved it; everybody longed to see the play; and everybody, while wishing good luck to the adaptors, Norman MacOwan and Charlton Mann, and the producer, Basil Dean,

romance end—tragically, as in the book, or happily, so as not to cloud a perfect evening in gloom? The grown-up Emily and Dick of Miss Faith Celli and Mr. Harold French had a somewhat hard task. For in their case simulation had to follow reality. The children were real children, and our adolescents in the play were in real life accomplished artists of experience. Mr. Dean, the producer, added to their difficulties by letting them recite their parts in incantation in order to indicate the slow development of their minds in the solitude of the island. This was, I think, an error, for the dialogue nowise proves that these two attractive mortals were backward—on the contrary they expressed themselves in most excellent English, and Em's invocation of the Great Stone Man that he should bless her with child was almost as hallowed as a prayer.

However, both Faith Celli and Harold French filled the picture poetically—a picture of youth, chasteness, and romance. They forgot themselves; they never forgot that this was fairy-land, living in the imagination but beyond the touch of the hearer. When, anon, they will be allowed to "sing as they are beaked," in their own voices, their portrayal will entirely harmonise with the author's fantasy. In the kissing scene, contrived by the adaptors with a delicate touch of unobtrusive indecision, their acting was idyllic beyond words. It was as inwardly passionate as it was guileless in aspect.

At the end of the play, which brought Dick's father to the island under the guidance of the Captain of the *Northumberland*, and made them find the young couple in the bliss of rocking their baby, the adaptors avoided one great pitfall. One was naturally afraid of explanations—the humour in us made us think of: "Have you got a strawberry mark on your left arm—then I am your long-lost father." Fortunately, nothing of

the sort happened. When the father and the Captain espied the happy trio, they said: "Let us not disturb them now—later—later." Then the curtain gently descended, and the rest was left to us—and we were all very happy.

Now, having read this paean of joy, you will ask whether the book has made a really good play? For once I would beg that question; or, if I must reply, I would say: No, not a good play in the technical sense of the word, but a delightful entertainment, so picturesquely framed (bravo! Basil Dean), so skilfully vitalised from printed pages, so artistically interpreted by the actors, and—let it be confirmed by more competent musical judges—so graphically intermezzed with music breathing the voices of Nature, the elements, or fairy-land, that criticism is disarmed by the recollection of things beautiful. For this reason, for the cause of the cult of the beautiful, I hope that "The Blue Lagoon" will attract London and all its visitors. If there were a fair holding of the scales in the fate of the theatre, "The Blue Lagoon" should live as long as "Chu-Chin-Chow." But, whatever the future of the play, it cannot be denied that its production is a feather in the cap of Reandean, and that it will induce the multitude not only to go to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but to read a book that lifts the mind as by

aircraft above the workaday world to regions of romance.

I don't know whether Norman McDermott, the founder of the Everyman Theatre, is a Scotsman, but he deserves to be. I met him first at Liverpool, where he was popular in the Playgoers' Society, and often exhibited scenic designs of his own with which he hoped to revolutionise or reform existing stagecraft. He had great plans for the conquest of London, but no sinews of war. During the war I met him again, full of enthusiasm and greater plans—the material side still remained undiscovered. Then two years ago he heralded the advent of the Everyman Theatre, which was very much taken up by the Press, and promised great things in a temporary building at Golder's Green—provided the money was forthcoming. A prospectus was duly issued: it contained an ambitious programme, and the names of 13 (or was it 31) directors; more Press notices and promises—and—silence. But our young director was not to be beaten. He minded neither time nor trouble nor disappointment. He went on working hard, selecting plays, collecting money, rallying actors round his banner, seeking a place whence to lead off, perhaps less loftily than from Golder's Green, but more securely. And he found what he wanted; the money to begin; the Drill Hall opposite Hampstead Tube Station as a home; actors like Agnes Thomas, Muriel Pratt, Bramber Wills, Nicholas Hannen (these names "talk" in repertory), and plays—plays in such multitude that he starts on Sept. 15 with one by the Spaniard Benevente, and then will traverse the modern work of many lands to come home to roost among English classics, such as "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

So far, all's well. The rest depends on the man at the tiller and the people at the till. The lower-priced seats are cheap enough, but I have fears of 7s. 6d. for a stall in a hall, when you can be luxuriously fauteuiled in palatial district theatres for very much less. If Norman McDermott is open to a little hint, let him issue season tickets at a much-reduced price. A goodly



AT OSTEND, WHITHER MANY BRITISH VISITORS WENT SPECIALLY TO HEAR HIM: M. ULYSSE LAPPAS, THE FAMOUS GREEK TENOR.

M. Ulysse Lappas, who is known as perhaps the best Pagliacci ever heard at Covent Garden, has been drawing crowded audiences to the Kursaal concerts at Ostend, where he won rapturous applause. His singing is markedly improved. As he only appeared once at Covent Garden this season, many of his British admirers went over to Ostend on purpose to hear him.

was a little anxious lest the theatrical form should rend the delicate, imaginative woof of the romantic idyll.

But when the music, eerily appropriate and illustrative, had preluded the disclosure of the deck of the *Northumberland*; when a delightful Paddy—the very Paddy of the book, but not so bibulous—babbled baby-talk to two darling children, not of the stage, but as natural as in the nursery; when we glanced at the ship, a craft which in her very design spelled adventure, we felt easier in the impression that for a start the book had been very charmingly translated to the stage. Then came the fire-alarm, the wonderful, awful foundering of the wreck, the even more marvellous expansion of the sea—a sea as infinite of horizon as ever stage has reproduced. At length, the island, just as we had seen it in the pages: an earthly Eden, beautifully painted withal, albeit that the foliage of the giant trees was a little tawdry and not quite in harmony with the stems, the mossy grass, and the blue lagoon. Meanwhile the children and the old skipper chatted on gaily, as if the great adventure were a mere holiday-trip, and all went well until the old fellow ate the fatal berries and died a death so painfully natural that its realism sent a thrill through the house. Mr. Edward Rigby's performance in its rapid transit from sheer comedy to dramatic climax, and the charm of the children, Madeline Robinson and Leonard Hibbs, roused the enthusiasm of an audience which was already in love with the play, the players, and the pictures.

But now came the great test. How would the eight years that had lapsed reincarnate Dick and Emmeline? How would the adaptors handle that exquisitely tender scene of love's awakening, that scene which began with Em's blow and ended in a kiss heralding a new life? How would the



THE FINEST COLORATURA SOPRANO SINCE TETRAZZINI: MME. ELVIRA DE HIDALGO AT OSTEND, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN SINGING WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS.

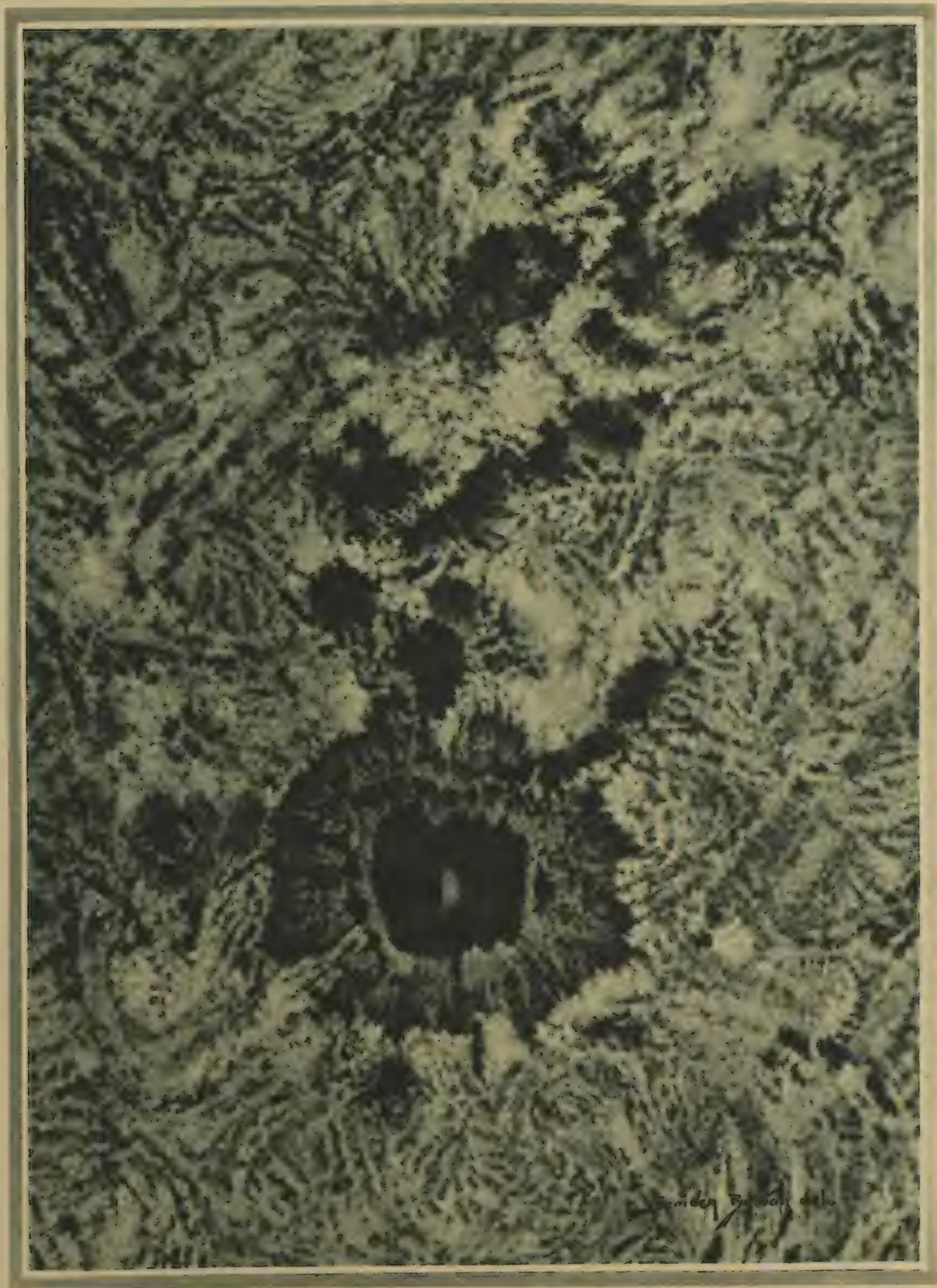
Mme. Elvira de Hidalgo has been singing lately in concerts at the Kursaal at Ostend, which have been exceedingly popular. She is undoubtedly the finest coloratura singer since Tetrazzini, and is well known on the Continent, especially at Monte Carlo and in Italy. She has not yet been heard at Covent Garden.

subscription list means backbone, and has been the making of many theatres *à côté*, including our own Stage Society.



## "FEEDING" THE EARTH WITH ELECTRICITY? SUNSPOTS—A NEW THEORY.

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



DOES THE EARTH DRAW ELECTRICITY FROM SUNSPOTS? A SMALL PART OF THE SOLAR SURFACE, WITH A GROUP OF SUNSPOTS (THE LARGEST ABOUT 24,000 MILES LONG)—A PICTURE, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

In explanation of his drawing here reproduced, Mr. Scriven Bolton, the well-known astronomer, of Waterloo Observatory, Bramley, Yorks, describes the subject as "a seething ocean of incandescent metallic vapours; a bird's-eye view of a small portion of the solar surface, highly magnified, showing a normal group of sunspots." The picture was obtained on Feb. 12, 1920. In an article on another page Mr. Bolton points out that there is a preponderance of sunspots in the eastern hemisphere over the western. "This disproportion," he continues, "is of purely

terrestrial origin." This phenomenal influence may be explained on the assumption that the Earth is a body inherently receptive to the electrical agencies which constitute the generating properties of sunspots. As the spots are carried in front of the Earth, a connection is presumably established, followed by premature dissolution and final extinction of the spots. The magnetic needle, which denotes an electric storm, is often disturbed during the passage of large spots. Sunspots may be totally invisible to an inhabitant on another planet.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE other day the possibility of a sequel to Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" was being discussed by three competent and catholic-minded critics, all of whom agreed that the famous anthologist's "second series" was a deplorable failure. The truth is that Palgrave had not his heart in the second task, believing, as he did, that little, if any, great poetry had been written in English after the passing of Wordsworth. A great many pious Wordsworthians, I find, hold that belief; they are secretly of opinion that the Golden Age of English poetry ended in the 'sixties, and that Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne are but "Silver" poets in the sense of the epithet as used by classical scholars. And not a few of these *laudatores temporis acti*, shocked by the free-and-easy rhythms of the "Georgians" and their predilection for colloquial English and commonplace subjects, go so far as to dismiss the present period as the "Copper Age," suggesting that a dozen of Mr. Eddie Marsh's dear young prodigies are but change, so to speak, for, say, a single Matthew Arnold. I do not take this point of view, of course, having long ago arrived at the conclusion that the agelong vitality of English poetry is due to the curious fact that, whenever a convention of literary taste became tyrannical in this country, some of the younger writers have always defied and in the end destroyed it, seeking new matter and a new manner in the life of the common folk—the millions best-beloved of God, seeing that, as Lincoln observed, He has created so many of them!—and in the fresh and vital rhythms of colloquial speech. To-day the "Georgians" are doing just what Wordsworth did in his day—to the profound annoyance of established elderly critics who have assimilated the minor antipathies of Byron (*e.g.*, his aristocratic disgust at poets who used the prosaic word "bark") instead of the sanctioned and romantic "boat") without, of course, acquiring a spark of his immortal radio-activity, sign of the power within that can transmute lead or any other base metal into living gold. It would not have been so easy for the poetical youth of this ancient home of liberty to root up conventions, whenever they threatened the freedom of our noble English, if an institution such as the French Academy had existed here during the last two centuries. It is true that we now possess a British Academy—well, let us see to it that this body never obtains the power and influence some of its members would like to arrogate to themselves.

But how far is it true to apply the terms "Golden" and "Silver" to successive periods of Latin literature? Is it just a piece of academic snobism, or is it really true that the "Silver" Latin poets and prose-writers are inferior to those of the "Golden" or "Augustan" period which, as a matter of fact, came to an end long before the death of Rome's first Emperor in A.D. 14? Let us turn to "THE SILVER AGE OF LATIN LITERATURE" (Methuen; 10s. 6d. net), by Walter Coventry Summers, M.A., Firth Professor of Latin in the University of Sheffield, in order to discover whether or not the distinction between the metallic epithets corresponds to a difference which really amounts to a kind of decadence. All sorts and conditions of men—but especially literary critics—are so easily misled by long-accepted terms, that this decadence must not be taken for granted, as nine in ten classical scholars do with singular complaisance. Professor

Summers takes the academic point of view, and a very able advocate he is, for he is not merely an erudite example of the "poisonous scholar," despite the large burden of his learning, but a true

humanist—that is to say, he never forgets that books are for humanity, not humanity for books, and he seeks in human nature and human life the ultimate criterion of the value of a piece of literature.

In so far as Epic is concerned, I think Professor Summers makes his case good. Lucan, Valerius,



THE MARRIAGE OF THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF BAGHDAD: LIEUT.-COL. F. C. BALFOUR, C.I.E., M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. PHYLLIS GOSCHEN.

The marriage of Lieut.-Col. Francis Cecil Campbell Balfour, C.I.E., M.C., Military Governor of Baghdad, eldest son of the late Colonel Eustace Balfour and of Lady Frances Balfour, and the Hon. Phyllis Evelyn Goschen, elder daughter of Viscount Goschen, took place recently at St. Augustine's Church, Flimwell. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Glyn, the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, and the Rev. A. Johnson; and the bride, who wore a white Tanagra velvet gown, was given away by her father. There were four bridesmaids: the Hon. Cicely Goschen, Miss Frances Dudgeon, Miss Helen Cecil, and Miss Betty Whitbread, and one page, Master Edward Christian Goschen. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, attended the wedding, and there were many guests both at the church and at the reception held afterwards at Syon House.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

artifice with them—and, except as regards the "Pharsalia," their works show much the same falling-off in spirit and atmosphere, when compared with Virgil's masterpiece, as we are conscious of when we set Tennyson's "Idylls" beside the fresh and vigorous "Morte d'Arthur" of Malory. Lucan, a genius without judgment, abounds in powerful and pathetic lines; and, when one reads his panegyric on Pompey, it is easy to understand why Tacitus thought him Virgil's equal. He remains, however, the Kipling of his age—the first Roman and the last to see the romance of the Empire-makers whose colossal works towered around him. He has given us Cæsar and Cato in single lines that are the most tremendous of historical epigrams and epitaphs. But he could not create the Virgilian jewels of sense and sound which have haunted men's minds for twenty centuries, because he lacked (as, indeed, Kipling does) the elder poet's sense of beauty and its ultimate significance as a sign and symbol of absolute truth. Valerius is more of a poet in some respects, and, as Professor Summers points out, falls little short of Lucretius and Catullus in his appreciation of the power of simplicity and sincerity. Statius is a daring experimentalist in language and metre, and is also a master of the brief, telling strokes of the restrained artist. Macaulay's bumptious insensibility was never shown to more disadvantage than in his assertion that the "Thebais" contains only two lines worthy of a great poet. The rest do not matter at all. Furthermore, there was no lyric poet in the Silver Age who could be named in the same breath with Catullus and Horace. The universal popularity of the "recitation," or public reading, which drew its very life-breath from dilettantism, must have been largely responsible for this falling off. From the outset, Roman literature was meant to appeal only to the cultured few, not to the "uninitiate throng," or mass of the people, with whom speech was a living, growing thing.

For all that, the Silver literature as a whole is nearer to life than the Golden vintage, and so, at any rate to my thinking, a more precious and entrancing possession for posterity. In the later period we have Juvenal, whose *sæva indignatio* makes him the greatest of all satirists. Professor Summers, I fear, has not a sufficient sense of humour to appreciate the grim jesting of the Roman satirist's rolling Lucretian hexameters, which detonate like an Australian stock-

whip and curl round the wretched object of his onslaught. However, he appreciates the genius of Martial at its true worth, and does not under-value the prose satire of Petronius (where can you find a more delightful and mordant sketch of the *nouveau riche* than the Trimalchio episode?), and he is almost as enthusiastic in his admiration of Tacitus as I am myself, who would not exchange him for all the other Latin masters of prose. Tacitus is the Rembrandt of the world's greater historians, and his dark and sombre pictures of life under the Cæsars are only equalled in vividness and haunting power by Plato's Death of Socrates, and Thucydides' End of the Syracusan Expedition. The series that has Messalina for its chief figure is as grimly impressive as the tragedies of the Russian Ballet, as full of deadly movement and baleful, exotic colouring. No wonder Racine called Tacitus *le plus grand peintre de l'antiquité*!

On the whole, then, I lean to the opinion that the distinction between "Silver" and "Golden" is a piece of intellectual snobbery, sanctioned by the custom of the academic mind.



"PLUM'S" TRIUMPHANT FAREWELL TO COUNTY CRICKET: MR. P. F. WARNER WITH THE TEAM HE LED TO VICTORY IN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

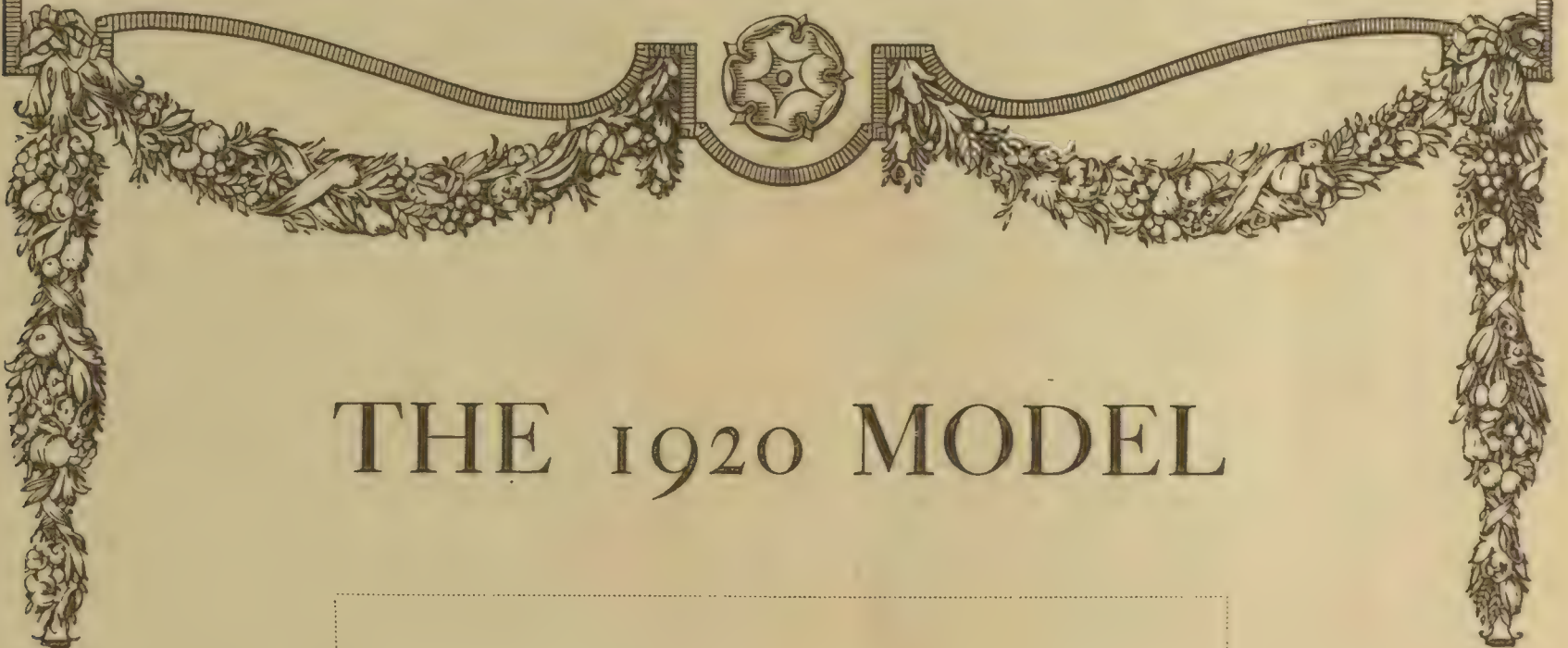
By beating Surrey last week by 55 runs at Lord's in an unforgettable match, that was full of thrills from start to finish, Middlesex won the County Championship for the first time since 1903. As P. F. Warner, the popular Middlesex captain, had previously announced his intention of retiring from first-class cricket at the end of the season, everyone was delighted that in this, his last season in county cricket, his team should win the championship, a result which his vigilant and sagacious leadership did much to achieve, and which was all the more creditable as Middlesex do not play the weaker counties. The names, from left to right, are—(Standing): H. W. Lee; Mr. N. Haig; Durston; Mr. H. K. Longman; Mr. G. T. S. Stevens; and Mr. C. H. L. Skeet. (Sitting): J. W. Hearne; Mr. F. T. Mann; Mr. P. F. Warner (Captain); Murrell; and E. Hendren.

Statius, and Silius are so much inferior to Virgil in all branches of poetical craftsmanship that even a schoolboy can feel the difference. What was art with the author of the *Æneid* becomes





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## LADIES' NEWS.

ALREADY there is keen competition for hunting quarters in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray. It is, of course, a picked place for those whose studs allow of runs several days a week, as it is within reach of about five crack packs. The strong rumour that the Prince of Wales is going to hunt in the coming season in what is known as the "grass" country, has no doubt something to do with the extra boom in boxes for that locality. It has been stated that H.R.H. will be out with the Quorn on the opening day. The joint Masters, Mr. W. E. Paget and Major A. E. Burnaby, have always a big field to control that day, for it is something of a social as well as a sporting fixture. If the Prince is there they will have still more to occupy them, but that they will not mind if H.R.H. honours their Hunt. From a woman's point of view, the Leicestershire country is most attractive, and the Countess of Lonsdale, when the Earl was Master of the Quorn, devised a most becoming hunt uniform for our sex—dark brown-grey coats and skirts, faced with pale grey-blue. Captain Forester, who was another Master, had a son, a good sportsman too, come of age this year; and his daughter, whose marriage to the Knight of Kerry's younger brother, Captain A. H. B. Fitzgerald, Irish Guards, took place from Saxelbye, his place near Melton Mowbray, has now two small sons. A number of well-known women have hunted from Melton, including the Duchess of Beaufort, Mary Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Warwick, the Duquesa de Santona (sister of the Duque de Alba, who is to be married next month), and Mrs. Asquith. The Ball, revived by Sir Herbert Praed, a well-known sportsman, was some fifteen to twenty years ago the smartest Hunt Ball in the Shires. I hear that last winter it approached its one-time brilliance. If the Prince be there this winter, it may eclipse it.

The weather of August makes it far from unreasonable to write in September about furs. The new designs are already here, and I have seen many of them. It is a good thing that they are with us so early, because it will take much longer than usual to have fine furs remodelled or made up. The reason is, of course, labour difficulties, and the only way out is to order early. Judging, I suppose, by our lack of summer, experts on the weather are promising us an Arctic winter. Whatever it may be, women will wear furs. Capes with fold-over sleeves are to be in great favour, and are very cosy and becoming



A HARMONY IN BLACK, SILVER, AND GOLD.

She started with a severely plain black satin dress; then she thought a flower embroidered in gold would look well on the bodice; and finally had the skirt covered in soft silver, thereby giving it a distinctively original note.—[Photograph by Manuel.]

and easy to walk in. Pelerines will be in special request. These are very wide, slightly shaped, and usually have a roll-back collar of a different kind of fur. Very long, wide fur scarves are also shown, and, of course, long fur coats, which are plainer and follow more closely the lines of the figure than they did last winter. Fine furs are, of course, costly, but are also very beautiful, as will be admitted by all who see the models now on view at the International Fur Store, 160, Regent Street. They are most desirable to the eye, and comforting exceedingly to the flesh. If one is investing in peltry, the finest skins are also the cheapest. Next winter we shall see furs which would be quite unrecognised by any animal, but which have been grown by mice and rats, domestic pussies, humble bunnies and nimble hares.

Princess Mary has been driving her cobs, and has also enjoyed some salmon angling in the Balmoral stretches of the Dee. Her Royal Highness is far more an outdoor, country-loving girl than a fashionable, London Society one. Never does the Princess look so well as in sporting and country clothes, and in the saddle her appearance is thoroughly satisfactory. It is probable that she will enjoy some hunting with the West Norfolk when their Majesties are at Sandringham. Princess Mary is not very likely to stay with the Prince of Wales for hunting, being very much a father-and-mother's girl, and the King and Queen being devoted to their only daughter and not at all anxious to part with her companionship.

Bright colours are, as usual, threatened for our autumn and winter clothes. This year, with more reason than usual, for it was a bright colour season, and our eyes have become accustomed to brilliant hues. At the same time, there is no doubt that the leading dress-creators are going strongly for black. It is reasonable that English designers should do this, because British women are apt to look their very best in black. This is not always true of Americans or French women, whose skins have not the fresh clearness of their British sisters, albeit they have ivory and creamy and warm olive attractions of their own. Long black suede gloves are to be smart once again, and rather a costly form of smartness too. However, they will not soil so soon as those of cream colour and tan shades that were worn with furs last year. They look dull and tired after a time, but light ones only look well for two days.

A. E. L.



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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE COMING FOOD SHORTAGE.

EVERYTHING points to the fact that before very long most people hitherto well-to-do will be on short rations so far as food is concerned. The world's wheat supply is shrinking fast; and with Russia "out of it," and the Central Empires competing with us—as they did not do during the war—there will be hardly enough of it to go round. Meat, too, will be short for similar reasons, aggravated by the muddles which have made the farmer and his men alike discontented; while South America, where meat was at one time to be had almost for the asking, is beginning to restrict its exports. The great cause of shortage will be, however, the scarcity of coal—due not to any falling-off in the natural resources of the country, but to the decrease in output. This leads to the going out of ships in ballast which would otherwise be carrying profitable cargoes, with the result that the homeward journey has to pay not only its own expenses, but most of the outward one as well. The consequence is the rise in freights, and the addition of its cost to the price of our imported food.

In these circumstances the price of food is bound to soar; and, as the Government is not likely to do anything effectual to stop it, a good many people will find that they have to cut down seriously the quantity that they can buy. This, of course, does not apply to the manual labourer or artisan, who, safe in the possession of wages averaging anything from £5 to £40 a week—and being, besides, utterly unused to the practice of economy, demands the best of everything, and, like the baby in the advertisement, won't be happy till he gets it. Already we hear of all the "prime cuts," as we used to say in the good old days, going to the mining districts; and there are signs that before long things like white bread, fresh butter, and perhaps the better qualities of sugar, will follow them. The pinch will then fall on the black-coated classes, consisting of professional men, and those who toil in offices and warehouses for hours and wages at which any trade unionist would turn up his nose. The

comparatively few millionaires and war profiteers among them will, of course, continue to feast at the Ritz and the Carlton so long as those institutions are able to please their patrons, who will distribute their easily won gains and, perhaps, help to make things a little more equal all round. How are the rest of us going to contend with this new order of things?

The answer is, that our meals will have to be not cheaper, indeed, but fewer and shorter. Those who have hitherto been accustomed to the time-honoured

best course to take our principal meal in the middle of the day, and thus to reduce the evening meal to its simplest proportions. This is what is already done by our gallant Allies across the Channel, who certainly show no decrease of vivacity or cheerfulness in the evening as the result of the change. To those who cannot do this and yet work after it, the wisest plan is to make breakfast as late as possible, and either to cut out lunch altogether or else substitute for it sandwiches or "cereal" food such as porridge or its imitations. It is quite useless to ask middle-class English people to give up afternoon tea, but if the first-named of these two methods be adopted they will probably find their appetite for it diminishing.

How, now, is this likely to affect the general health? Probably, and especially at first, it will be much the better for it. The ideal dietary, as Dr. Leonard Williams tells us in his lively and readable book on "Minor Maladies," is one meal *per diem* of fish, one of flesh, and one of neither. This is particularly the case with the middle-aged, who, as he rather unkindly points out, often find themselves able to indulge in the pleasures of the table just at the time when those pleasures are most hurtful; and the general adoption of such a scale of feeding will probably be followed by a marked decrease in the prevalence of gout and kidney diseases. Whether it will not, if long continued, bring about the general slackness and *tedium vitae* which the doctors call want of tone, is another matter. Let us hope the shortage will not last long enough for this *sequela* to show itself, for the human race, as St. Simon said, is not placed between the bad and the good, but between the bad and the worse. That the reduction is more likely to be beneficial than otherwise appears from

the deeds of our grandfathers, who died pretty regularly of apoplexy and gout, consequent upon the Gargantuan feasts of City Companies and others, where eight, nine, or even ten courses were the rule. When we read in Brillat-Savarin of the hero who consumed two turkeys at a sitting, besides "trimmings," we can only wonder that any escaped. Yet there is another side to the picture, which may be told later.

F. L.



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Photograph by I.B.

round of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner will have to cut them down to two; and the normal five-course system of soup, fish, joint, sweet, and savoury for the last-named meal will find itself reduced to three or four. Already there are signs in the menus of restaurants and clubs that this change is coming upon us, and we must therefore see how best we can bear it. For the majority of us, it will undoubtedly be the



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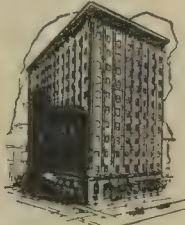
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## Hotels Statler



## THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

AMONG the stamps of the British Empire, those of the West Indies are in special favour with collectors. A new series has just been received from the islands of St. Christopher and Nevis, which are now combined as one Presidency in the Leeward Islands group. The style of the Presidency is St. Kitts-Nevis, and the new stamp issue is in two designs, one appropriate to St. Christopher, and the other to Nevis. The design shows a double panel, the left-hand one bearing the portrait of the King, and the right-hand panel enclosing a device copied from the great seal of the island. This design figures on the ½d., 1½d., 2½d., 6d., 2s., and 5s. stamps.

The alternate values, 1d., 2d., 3d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 10s. stamps, show the device of the Nevis Great Seal. It depicts a group of three figures by a stream pouring out of the hill-side. Nevis is famed for its mineral springs, and the waters of the Bath Springs near Charlestown possess remarkable healing qualities. The device has been used on Nevis stamps from the earliest times; it is only since 1903 that this island and St. Kitts have produced joint issues of postage stamps; formerly each island had its own distinctive issue.

The characteristic sun type of stamps of Latvia is now being printed on ordinary plain paper, without watermark, and with a rough perforation; the values received to date are the 5, 20, 50 and 75 kopecs.

Bulgaria has overprinted a set of ten of her current postage stamps for sale at 50 per cent. over their postal value, in aid of the Bulgarian wounded and prisoners of war. The overprint is in Slavonic characters, and reads, "For Our Wounded Soldiers." The original value of the stamp denotes the amount of its postal franking power, and the overprinted figure denotes the contribution to the

fund. Thus the two-stotinki is surcharged with a 1-stotinki supplement; this is the stamp which shows a rather crude picture of the Skupschtina. The 5 + 2½, 10 + 5, 15 + 7½, 25 + 12½, 30 + 15, 50 + 25 stotinki are in the new type bearing a roughly drawn portrait of the new Tsar Boris. The 1 leva + 50



1. Columbus using a telescope over a century before it was invented: a curious anachronism on a West Indian stamp. 2. Showing the Nevis mineral springs: another stamp from the islands of St. Christopher and Nevis. 3. With the characteristic sun design: one of the newly perforated Latvian stamps. 4. Showing the Skupschtina: a Bulgarian stamp overprinted "For our Wounded Soldiers," at 50 per cent. above postal value. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Similarly overprinted for the benefit of the wounded: Bulgarian stamps with the head of the new Tsar Boris, a view of the Demir-Kapu, Tsar Ferdinand, and the Gewgeli respectively.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

stotinki is in the finely engraved Tsar Ferdinand type of 1911. On the 2 + 1 leva is a picture of the Demir-Kapu, and on the 3 + 1½ leva is the Gewgeli.

## A NEW THEORY ABOUT SUN-SPOTS.

(See illustration on page 407.)

ELSEWHERE in this number we give a full-page illustration of a group of sun-spots, by Mr. Scriven Bolton, F.R.A.S., of Waterloo Observatory, Bramley, Yorkshire, with a note on the new theory as to their connection with the earth. In further explanation of the subject, he writes: "Sunspots are apparently holes in the brilliant solar envelope, and through them we evidently discern a dark interior. The largest spot depicted in the illustration is about 24,000 miles in length, and is of normal dimensions. (This picture was obtained on Feb. 12, 1920.) Measures of photographs of the sun taken daily at Greenwich, in India, and at the island of Mauritius, show that the earth apparently exercises a perceptible influence upon the sun. Sunspots, which appear as holes in the incandescent cloud-surface, are carried across the sun's disc, from left to right, or from east to west, the sun's period of rotation on its axis, as seen from the earth, being 27¼ days. Of the total number of spots observed, there is a distinct preponderance in the eastern hemisphere, or the side where they are carried round into view. The numbers steadily increase from the east to the central meridian, and then diminish from the central meridian to the west limb. What is the cause of this? The preponderance of spots in the eastern hemisphere over those of the western is in the proportion of roughly 7 to 6, and is too marked for it to be accidental. This disproportion then, is of purely terrestrial origin. This phenomenal influence may be explained on the assumption that the earth is a body inherently receptive to the electrical agencies which constitute the generating properties of sun-spots. As the spots are carried in front of the earth, a connection is presumably established, followed by premature dissolution and final extinction of the spots.



## The Food a Baby Needs

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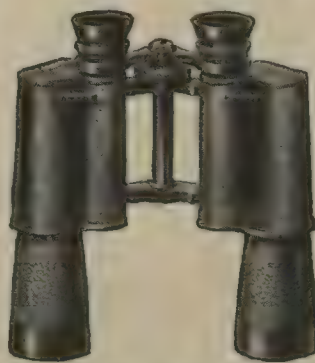
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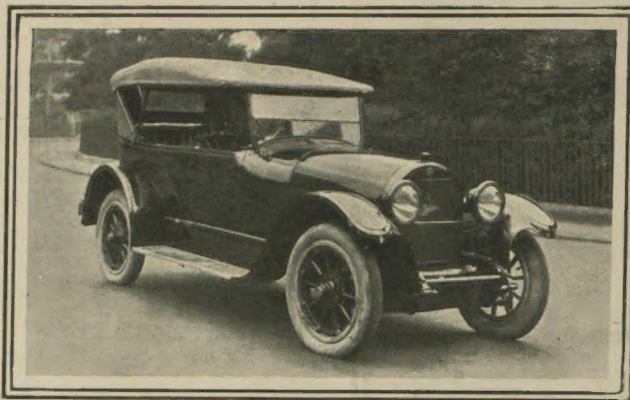
## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Petrol Up Again!** Indignation is a mild term to apply to the feeling with which motorists received the news of the latest development of the game of grab so cynically pursued by the great petrol-distributing companies. Nor have the explanations given for the increase of sevenpence per gallon tended to assuage the feeling, because all the motoring world believes that they are insincere, and not even expected to be taken seriously. The plain fact of the matter is that, as Sir Marcus Samuel reminded us years ago, the price of petrol is what it will fetch. Apparently, the price it will fetch now is 4s. 3½d. per gallon, and therefore that is what we have got to pay for it. Whether we have yet reached high-water mark in prices is doubtful. Some affect to believe that before the end of the year we shall be paying 5s. a gallon for fuel, though my own opinion is that the price will not go higher. Even the petrol companies must realise that there is a point beyond which they cannot go without serious danger of being hoist with their own petard, and I have an idea that this point has now been reached. In fact, we have yet to see whether it has not actually been passed. Already there is much talk of holding up the development of projected motor transport undertakings and the curtailment of those already existing. Among private owners, too, there is a widespread feeling that it will be better to lay up cars from now until the end of the winter months, in the hope that prices in the meantime will come down.

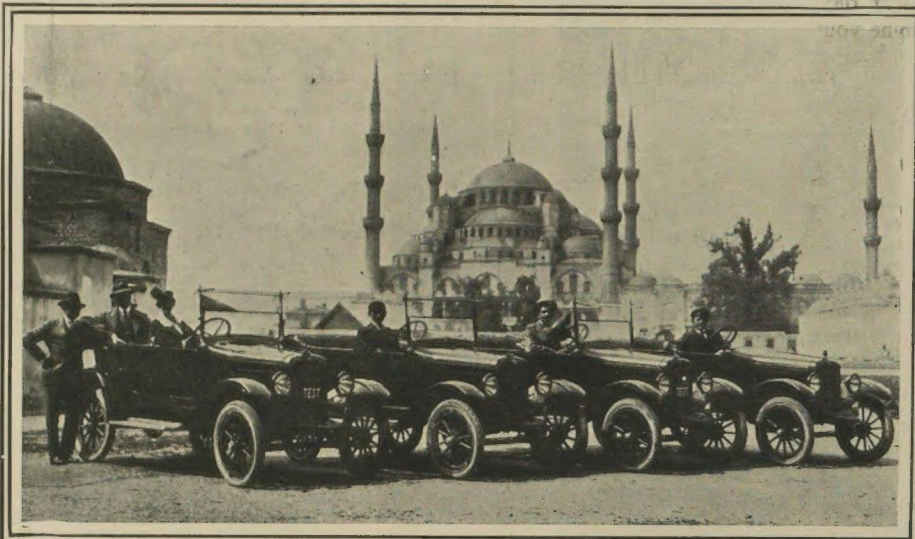
Not the least amount of indignation has been caused by the feeling that, in a measure, the motoring community has been "had" over the new taxation. Opposition to this was much less than it would have been had the assurance not been given that when the £1 per h.p. tax came into operation, 7d. per gallon would be taken off the price of fuel. It will be, no doubt, but the petrol companies have made themselves sure of another £3,000,000 a year by putting it on in advance.

Unfortunately, this being a country which does not produce a tithe of its requirements in motor-fuel, we are almost entirely in the hands of the

monopolists. It is equally unfortunate that, with habitual want of vision and forethought, no measures at all have been taken to render us independent of outside sources of supply. Benzole is a



THE LATEST EXAMPLE OF CADILLAC: AN 8-CYLINDER TOURING CAR OF OUTSTANDING MERIT.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray, Ltd.]



THE CHANGING EAST: A BATCH OF NEW OVERLANDS IN FRONT OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray, Ltd.]

case in point. This is an eminently satisfactory fuel, in many ways better than petrol. During the war, the Government insisted upon gas undertakings and coke-oven proprietors producing the uttermost

gallon of benzole for use in the manufacture of high explosives. The moment the war was over, matters reverted to previous conditions, and the output of benzole has steadily declined. From these sources alone we cannot produce enough benzole to make any impression on prices, more particularly as the petrol interests have secured a large measure of control through their ability to pay high prices for crude benzole. Incidentally, this is the reason why benzole prices have been increased simultaneously with that of petrol. I think I was responsible for the suggestion that the one way out of the fuel difficulty, not only as regards motor transport, but in connection with all fuel oils, lies in immediate legislation to compel the carbonisation of all coal before domestic or industrial use. At the moment the waste of the valuable products carried by ordinary bituminous coal is simply appalling. Millions of gallons of fuel oil and motor spirit, and thousands of tons of valuable sulphate of ammonia are dispersed into the atmosphere in the form of vile smoke, and all because our grandfathers burned raw coal in their grates and furnaces, and we are so Chinese in our conservatism that what was good enough for them is good enough for us. Of course, we cannot follow the idea to its conclusion in a week or a year. It might be ten years before legislation could be fully effective, but that seems to me to be the more reason why immediate action should be taken. This is not a mere question of fuel for the motorist, as the public imagines him. It concerns the whole vital question of the nation's transport. I see now that the views I expressed months ago are beginning to find acceptance in quite influential quarters, and I have seen more than one reference lately to the possibility of such legislation as I originally proposed. I am fully convinced that this way lies the salvation of our transport question. The proper development of the shale deposits must go hand in hand with it. I know it is fashionable to think that in alcohol fuel lies the real solution of the future. I agree, but it is a long way off, for reasons which have been very fully set forth by a Departmental Committee on fuel questions. In the meantime, we must develop the internal resources which lie ready to hand. W. W.



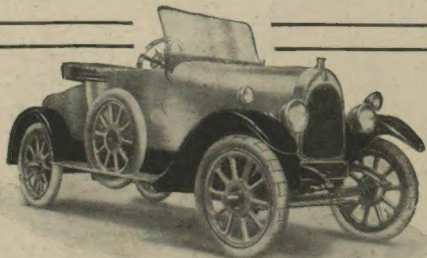
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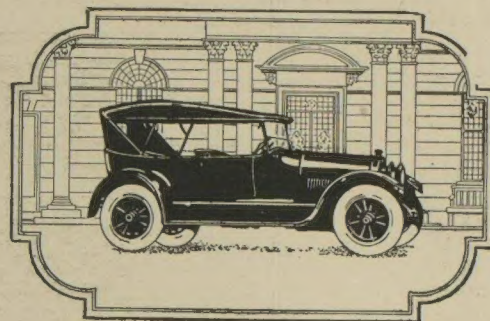
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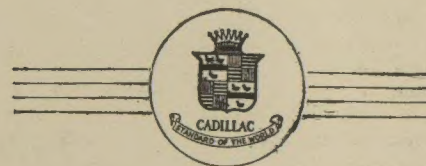
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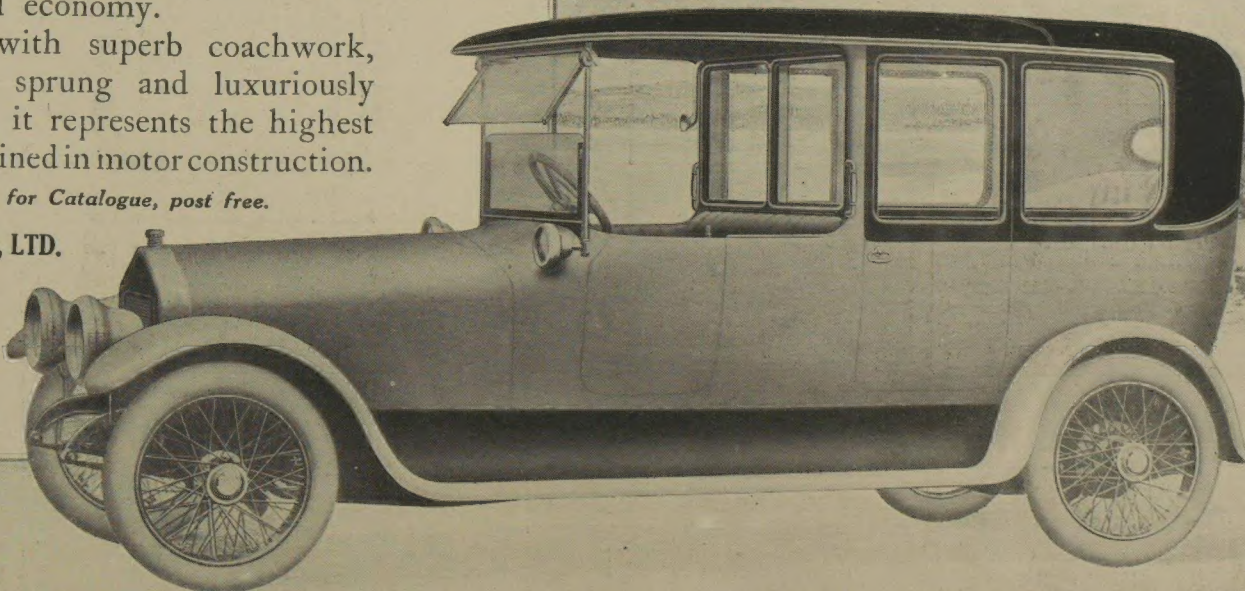
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